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GHOST STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY
F.O.C. DARLEY

PHILADELPHIA
HENRY CAREY BAIRD
1854

143

"There is the nocturnal visitor whom you have so long taken for the ghost of your mother."—*Page* 18.

GHOST STORIES.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARLEY.

"The Green Mantle, without uttering a word, entered the house."—*Page* 112.

PHILADELPHIA: H. C. BAIRD.
1854.

GHOST STORIES;

COLLECTED WITH

A PARTICULAR VIEW TO COUNTERACT

THE VULGAR BELIEF

IN

GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.

With Ten Engravings,

FROM DESIGNS OF F O. C. DARLEY.

PHILADELPHIA:
HENRY CAREY BAIRD,
(SUCCESSOR TO E. L. CAREY,)
No. 7 HART'S BUILDINGS, SIXTH STREET, ABOVE CHESTNUT.
1854.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Introduction	5
The Cold Hand	7
The Harvard College Ghost	12
The Ghost of Larneville	15
A London Ghost	20
The Deserter's Ghost	23
Garrick's Ghost	32
Apparition of Lord William Petty	34
The Water Spirit	37
The Friar's Ghost in the Imperial Palace of Vienna	42
The Bear of Friedrichshall	48
Barbito, or the Spectre of Cuenza	52
The Danger of Tampering with the Fear of Ghosts	63
The Devil and the Prussian Grenadier	70
The Ghost of Count Walkenried	73
Extraordinary Confessions of a Ghost	81
The Village Apparition	88
The Haunted Castle	97
The Green Mantle of Venice	106
The Ghost of General Marceau	183
The Haunted Inn	186

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT is a ghost? In the popular acceptation of the term, it is a visible appearance of a deceased person. It is called also a spirit; but, if visible, it must be matter; consequently not a spirit. If it is not matter, it can only exist in the imagination of the beholder; and must therefore be classed with the multifarious phantoms which haunt the sick man's couch in delirium.

But ghosts have appeared to more than one person at a time;—how then? Can he exist in the imagination of two persons at once? That is not probable, and we doubt the "authentic" accounts of ghosts appearing to more than one at a time. The stories we are about to tell will show, however, that in a great many instances several persons have *thought* that they saw ghosts at the same time, when, in fact, there was no ghost in the case; but substantial flesh and blood and bones.

But what does a ghost represent? What is it the ghost of? Of a man or woman, to be sure. But does it appear as a man or woman only? Is it nude? Oh no! Oh shocking! This is contrary to all the rules. It always appears dressed? If the man has been murdered, it appears in the very clothes he was

murdered in, all bloody, with a pale, murdered-looking face, and a ghastly wound in the breast, head, stomach, back or abdominal region, as the case may be; but always in decent clothes. If the person died quietly a natural death, in bed; then the ghost is generally clad in long white robes, or a shroud; but still properly dressed. So then, we have the ghost of the clothes also—the ghost of the coat and unmentionables—the ghost of the cocked hat and wig. How is this?

But to cut the matter short—the whole theory of ghosts is too flimsy to bear the rough handling of either reason or ridicule. The best way to dissipate the inbred horror of supernatural phantoms, which almost all persons derive from nursery tales or other sources of causeless terror in early life, is to show by example how possible it is to impress upon ignorant or credulous persons the firm belief that they behold a ghost, when in point of fact no ghost is there. We proceed at once to our stories.

GHOST STORIES.

THE COLD HAND.

An eminent American artist relates the following story of a terrible adventure which befell him during his residence in Europe.

I was travelling from Paris to Brussels in the diligence. On my arrival one evening at a little village near Dieppe —I forget the name of it—I found the village inn so crowded that the landlord could not even give me a bed upon which I might sleep in the house. He undertook, however, to receive my luggage, and give me a lodging in the neighbourhood; and with this arrangement I was obliged to be satisfied.

After having partaken of a comfortable supper, I was waited upon by a servant with a lantern, who was to conduct me to the house where I was destined by my evil stars to pass the night. It was a lone house, of two stories, and quite small, situated on a wide heath, some half a mile distant from the inn. There were but three rooms on a floor; and on knocking at the door, I was admitted

by a melancholy-looking young woman, whose dress and appearance bespoke poverty, although she was neat and tidy.

On being conducted into the apartment which served as a kitchen, I found no one there. It appeared that the house was inhabited only by this young woman. Seeing in my countenance a look of wonder and inquiry, she merely remarked, that she was often in the habit of receiving lodgers from the inn when it was full, and that she would endeavour to afford me a comfortable room for the night.

As it would have been ill-bred to ask any questions after this, I sat looking at the fire for half an hour speculating on the oddity of the thing, when the melancholy damsel went on with her sewing, which she had taken up as soon as I was seated. At last, being quite fatigued with my day's ride, I desired to be shown to my sleeping room. It was of very moderate dimensions, and situated on the ground floor. In fact it was but barely large enough to afford room for a single bed, and a few inches of floor on one side of it where I might undress; and there was a window opening near the head of the bed.

When my hostess had set down the candle, I locked the door, undressed myself, threw my clothes upon the bed, and was soon fast asleep. I suppose I might have slept two hours, so that it was "in the dead waist and middle of night," when I was suddenly awakened by a cold hand, as it might be the hand of a corpse, drawn deliberately over my face, from the forehead to the chin, and so passing off a space downward towards my feet! Horror-struck, I started bolt upright, and shouted in a tremulous but loud voice, "Who's there?" No answer. I stretched out my hands, and felt all the three walls of

the room near the head of the bed, and found nothing but the said bare walls. I then got upon my knees on the bed, and felt the walls all round the room, as I could easily do, by reason of its exceedingly limited dimensions. I then crept under the bed, and fully satisfied myself that there was no living creature in the room but myself.

It was mighty strange! I could have sworn that I had felt that awful cold hand passing over my face. The thing was done so coolly and deliberately, that there could be no mistake about it. Why did I not grasp the hand? you may say. In fact I was waked out of profound sleep by its touch; and before I had time to seize it, it was gone. I stood wondering at the strange and incomprehensible nature of the thing for some minutes, and finally arrived at the reluctant admission that I must have been dreaming—that it was my imagination—that it was no hand at all, but the ghost of a hand.

In a very confused and unsettled state of mind, I at length got into bed again, and, still unrested from my fatigue, I speedily fell into a doze. Before I had completely lost my consciousness, however, I felt the same appalling sensation as before—that horrible corpse-like hand dragging itself like the body of a serpent over my face. Horror of horrors! I screamed out at the utmost pitch of my voice, "Who's there? Who, what are you? Speak! Avaunt! Begone!"

I sprang instantly out of bed, and felt in the darkness all round the room again. There was no one to be found. There was nothing but empty space as before. I was, to use a homely phrase, completely dumb-founded. The former theory of dreams and imaginations would not hold good now. The thing was too real. It was a hand, and nothing but a hand. I could swear to it. It might be

and probably was, the hand of a dead man; but it had skin and bones, and muscles and motion; and it had sent, I thought, all the blood in my body, back to my heart, as it passed over my face. It came and went this time more suddenly, so that I had not time to grasp at it, both of my hands being under the bed-clothes.

Now I am an indifferently well informed person—something of a philosopher, and never had been a believer in ghosts or supernatural appearances of any sort or kind. But this thing staggered me. I could not but think, with Hamlet, that "there are many things which are not dreamt of in your philosophy." Where could the owner of the hand be? He was not in the room. That was clear. There had not been time enough for him to escape from it, even if the door had not been locked, which it was, very securely, as I had just proved. There was no fire-place. So he could not have crawled up the chimney. There was no closet or hiding-place of any kind. The thing was utterly inexplicable. I could make nothing of it; and in a desperate state of doubt and bewilderment I once more betook myself to bed, and thought and thought about it till my brain ached again; but all to no purpose.

Fatigue and drowsiness at length overcame me, and I slept till morning without further disturbance. It had been arranged that I should breakfast at the house where I slept. When I sat down, my melancholy hostess inquired how I had slept—hoped I had a comfortable night.

"On the contrary," replied I, "the night was rather an uncomfortable one for me, such as I never desire to pass again." I then proceeded to narrate the whole affair as it had passed. She listened with fixed attention, only

interrupting me with two or three questions. When I had concluded, she said, "It must have been my poor drunken brother. I must tell you, sir," she continued, "that I have an unfortunate brother, of dissipated habits, who lives with me here, since the death of our parents. He often goes away and stays for weeks together, without my hearing a word of his whereabouts. He probably came home in the middle of the night, and not wishing to disturb me, went to the window of his bed-room which you occupied last night, and thrust in his hand in order to ascertain whether any lodger was occupying his bed. He was probably too much intoxicated to take any notice of your exclamations; and having found his bed occupied, he has gone off and found a lodging with some one of his acquaintance."

Whether young hopeful came home in the course of the day I never learned; for in half an hour after this conversation I was on my way to Brussels, perfectly satisfied with the melancholy young woman's solution of the dreadful mystery of the COLD HAND.

THE HARVARD COLLEGE GHOST.

Old Harvard, in our time, though frequently troubled with spirits, suffered no annoyance whatever with ghosts. Science and unbelief had frightened them all away, and the increase of population had left no secluded spot in all Cambridge suitable for a ghost's promenade. Still, however, there lingered some old traditions of ghosts, in former times, who had made these classic shades their haunt—ghosts real and fictitious. Among those of the latter description, one has still dwelt in our memory from the narrative of the lamented artist, Washington Allston. The story is in substance as follows:

In those reunions which used so often to take place in the students' chambers, for conversation, cigar-smoking, and social enjoyment, the subject of ghosts had been very frequently discussed. Some students from the country told long and dreadful stories, well authenticated by their grandmothers and maiden aunts, of real, veritable ghosts appearing in the old fashioned legitimate way, dressed in long white robes and making appalling revelations of crimes and hidden treasures, and then vanishing instantly—going off without beat of drum, and leaving the astonished and horrified spectator in the most pitiable state.

To these narratives many of the student auditors would "seriously incline," while others counterfeited belief, in order to induce the narrators to afford them more entertainment of the same sort. In fact, on one occasion, the

whole coterie, with a single exception, declared their unqualified belief in ghosts. The stories they had just heard were too accurate, circumstantial, and authentic, to be doubted. There was no withstanding the accumulation of evidence. The single dissenter from this opinion, however, stubbornly declared that there must be some mistake. The thing was too absurd in itself to gain his belief. He would never believe in ghosts till he should see one with his own eyes. As for fearing them, "he would like to see the ghost that could frighten him."

One of his fellow students, as far from a real belief in supernatural appearances as himself, resolved, nevertheless, to put the hero's courage to the proof.

Accordingly on the next evening after that when this remarkable conversation took place, at a very late hour, he dressed himself up in white, and quietly glided into the chamber of his companion, who was lying alone in his bed and wide awake.

The ghost-student, knowing that his friend always slept with loaded pistols under his pillow, had previously taken care to draw out the bullets from them; for he was too well acquainted with the impetuous character of the other to doubt that he would use them on such an occasion. On the appearance of the spectre, the hero sat up in bed and very deliberately took a survey of him, as well as the "struggling moonbeam's misty light" shining in at the windows would permit. The ghost glided across the room, and, standing before the bed, raised his hand in an awful and menacing manner, according to the most approved fashion of ghostdom. Still the whole performance failed to shake the firm nerves of the Harvard ghost-seer. He only laughed, and shouted aloud in melodramatic form of speech, "Vanish! I fear you not!"

The spectre was motionless, still standing and gazing upon him with ghastly masked face. Our hero, at length, determined to put the apparition to the proof, and "teach him never to come there no more," took one of the pistols from beneath his pillow and fired it point blank in the spectre's face. When the smoke cleared away—there stood the grim figure, as before, immovable and apparently invulnerable. Instantaneously the appalling belief came over the mind of the unhappy beholder that he was actually in the presence of a spirit from the other world. All his preconceived opinions—all his habits of thought, all his vaunted courage vanished at once. His whole being was changed; and he instantly fell into the most frightful convulsions.

His companion, who had been watching the effect of his experiment, became alarmed in his turn; and called in others from the entry who had participated in the ill-timed joke. Medical aid was called in, and every appliance resorted to for his recovery. But it was all in vain. Convulsion succeeded convulsion; and the unfortunate youth never recovered sufficient consciousness to be made aware of the trick that had been played upon him, until the melancholy scene was closed by his untimely death.

This story has its moral. The mind of man is too delicate and complicated a structure to be tampered with by experiments of this description. Whatever may be one's opinion of ghosts, it is dangerous to counterfeit any thing of this kind for the purpose of producing terror in the mind of another.

THE GHOST OF LARNEVILLE.

Madame Deshoulières, the French poetess, was much admired by her countrymen; yet, except her pastorals, the subjects chosen by her have little interest, and rather evince strength of mind than harmony of verse or delicacy of feeling. Indeed, they are what might have been expected from a character endued with the self-possession displayed in the following adventure, in which she conducted herself with an intrepidity and coolness which would have done honour to a hero.

Madame Deshoulières was invited by the Count and Countess de Larneville to pass some time at their *château*, several leagues from Paris. On her arrival, she was freely offered the choice of all the bed-chambers in the mansion except one, which, from the strange noises that had been for some time nocturnally heard within it, was generally believed to be haunted, and as such had been deserted. Madame Deshoulières was no sooner informed of this circumstance by her friends, than, to their great surprise and terror, she immediately declared her resolution of occupying this dreaded room in preference to any other. The Count looked aghast as she disclosed this determination, and in a tremulous voice entreated her to give up so rash an intention; since, however brave curiosity might at present make her, it was more than probable that in her situation she would pay for its gratification with her life. The Countess, observing that all that her husband said

failed of intimidating the high-spirited Madame Deshoulières, now added her persuasions to divert her friend from an enterprise from which the bravest man might shrink appalled. "What have we not to fear, then," she added, "for a woman on the eve of becoming a mother? Let me conjure you, if not for your own sake, for that of your unborn infant, give up your daring plan." All these arguments, repeated over and over again, were insufficient to shake the determined purpose of the adventurer. Her courage rose superior to these representations of the dangers to which she was going to expose herself, because she was convinced that they owed their colouring to superstition acting upon weak minds: she entertained no faith in the "fleshless arm" of a departed spirit, and from an immaterial one her life was safe.

Her noble host and hostess pleaded, pitied, blamed, but at length yielded to her wish of taking possession of the haunted chamber. Madame Deshoulières found it grand and spacious—the windows dark from the thickness of the walls—the chimney antique and of a cavernous depth. As soon as madame was undressed, she stepped into bed, ordered a large candle to be placed on a stand near it, and enjoining her *femme de chambre* to shut the door securely, dismissed her. Having provided herself with a book, according to custom, she calmly read her usual time, then sunk to repose; from this she was soon roused by a noise at the door—it opened, and the sound of footsteps succeeded. Madame Deshoulières immediately decided that this must be the supposed ghost, and therefore addressed it with an assurance that, if it hoped to frighten her from her purpose of detecting the imposture which had created such foolish alarm throughout the castle, it would find itself disappointed in the attempt;

for she was resolutely bent on discovering and exposing it at all hazards. This threat she reiterated to no purpose, for no answer was returned. At length the intruder came in contact with a large screen, which it overturned so near the bed, that, getting entangled in the curtains, which played loosely on their rings, they returned a sound so sharp, that any one under the influence of fear would have taken it for the shrill scream of an unquiet spirit, but madame was perfectly undismayed, as she afterwards declared. On the contrary, she continued to interrogate the nocturnal visitor, whom she suspected to be one of the domestics; but it still maintained an unbroken silence, though nothing could be less quiet in its movements, for it now ran against the stand on which was placed the heavy candlestick, which fell with a thundering noise. In fine, tired of all these exertions, it came and rested itself against the foot of the bed. Madame Deshoulières was now more decidedly called upon to evince all that firmness of mind and intrepidity of spirit of which she had boasted; and well did she justify the confidence she had placed in her own courage, for, still retaining her self-possession, she exclaimed, "Ah! now I shall ascertain what thou art;" at the same time she extended both her hands towards the place against which she felt that the intruder was resting. They came in contact with two soft velvety ears, which she firmly grasped, determined to retain them till day should lend its light to discover to whom or to what they belonged. Madame found her patience put to some trial, but not her strength, for nothing could be more unresisting and quiet than the owner of the imprisoned ears. Day at length released her from the awkward, painful position, in which she had remained for so many hours,

and discovered her prisoner to be Gros-Blanc, a large dog belonging to the *château*, and as worthy, if fidelity and honesty deserve the title, as any of its inhabitants. Far from resenting the bondage in which Madame Deshoulières had so long kept him, he licked the hands which he believed had been kindly keeping his ears warm all night; while Madame Deshoulières enjoyed a hearty laugh at this ludicrous end to an adventure, for the encounter of which she had braced her every nerve.

In the mean time, the Count and Countess, wholly given up to their fears, had found it impossible to close their eyes during the night. The trial to which their friend had exposed herself grew more terrible to their imagination the more they dwelt upon it, till they at length persuaded themselves that death would be the inevitable consequence. With these forebodings they proceeded as soon as it was light to the apartment of Madame Deshoulières—scarcely had they courage to enter it, or to speak when they had done so. From this state of *petrifaction* they were revived by their friend undrawing her curtains, and paying them the compliments of the morning with a triumphant look. She then related all that had passed with an impressive solemnity, and having roused intense curiosity to know the catastrophe, she smilingly pointed to Gros-Blanc, as she said to the Count, "There is the nocturnal visitor whom you have so long taken for the ghost of your mother;" for such he had concluded it, from having been the last person who had died in the *château*. The Count looked at his wife—then at the dog—and blushed deeply, not knowing whether it were better to laugh or be angry. But Madame, who possessed a commanding manner, which at the same time awed and convinced, ended this state of irreso-

lution by saying—"No, no, Monsieur, you shall no longer continue in an illusion which long indulgence has endeared you to. I will complete my task, and emancipate your mind from the shackles of superstition, by proving to you that all which has so long disturbed the peace of your family has arisen from natural causes." Madame arose, made her friends examine the lock of the door, the wood of which was so decayed as to render the locking it useless against a very moderate degree of strength. This facility of entrance had been evidently the cause of Gros-Blanc, who liked not sleeping out of doors, making choice of this room. "The rest is easily accounted for: Gros-Blanc smelt, and wished to possess himself of the candle, in attempting which he committed all the blunders, and caused all the noises, which have annoyed me this night; and he would have taken possession of my bed, also, if he had not given me an opportunity of seizing his ears. Thus are the most simple events magnified into omens of fearful and supernatural augury."

A LONDON GHOST.

In the year 1704, a gentleman, to all appearance of large fortune, took furnished lodgings in a house in Soho-square. After he had resided there some weeks with his establishment, he lost his brother, who had lived at Hampstead, and who on his death-bed particularly desired to be interred in the family vault in Westminster Abbey. The gentleman requested his landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and to make arrangements there for the funeral. The landlord without hesitation signified his compliance.

The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in the great dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the necessary preparations for the solemnity. He stayed out late; but this was no uncommon thing. The landlord and his family, conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual, about twelve o'clock. One maid-servant was left up to let him in, and to boil some water, which he had desired might be ready for making tea on his return. The girl was accordingly sitting all alone in the kitchen, when a tall, spectre-looking figure entered, and clapped itself down in a chair opposite to her.

The maid was by no means one of the most timid of her sex; but she was terrified beyond expression, lonely as

she was, at this unexpected apparition. Uttering a loud scream, she flew out like an arrow at a side door, and hurried to the chamber of her master and mistress. Scarcely had she awakened them, and communicated to the whole family some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre, enveloped in a shroud and with a face of death-like paleness, made its appearance, and sat down in a chair in the bed-room, without their having observed how it entered. The worst of all was, that this chair stood by the door of the bed-chamber, so that not a creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it. The master and mistress crept under the bed-clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid-servant sunk nearly insensible by the side of the bed.

At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar; for though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear the incessant noise and clatter, which served to increase their terror.

At length all became perfectly still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head, and to steal a glance at the chair by the door; but behold, the ghost was gone! Sober reason began to resume its power. The poor girl was brought to herself after a good deal of shaking. In a short time, they plucked up sufficient courage to quit the bed-room, and to commence an examination of the house, which they expected to find in great disorder. Nor were their anticipations unfounded. The whole house had been stripped by artful thieves, and the gentleman had decamped without paying for his lodging. It turned out that he was no other than an accomplice of the

notorious Arthur Chambers, who was executed at Tyburn in 1706; and that the supposed corpse was this arch-rogue himself, who had whitened his hands and face with chalk, and merely counterfeited death. About midnight he quitted the coffin, and appeared to the maid in the kitchen. When she flew up stairs, he softly followed her, and, seated at the door of the chamber, he acted as a sentinel, so that his industrious accomplices were enabled to plunder the house without the least molestation.

THE DESERTER'S GHOST.

EXPERIENCE seems to justify the notion formerly more prevalent than at present, that one who has died a violent death is more likely to return to terrify the living than those who have been gathered in peace to their fathers. The experience of the writer of the following narrative once confirmed this notion in a manner equally convincing and frightful. It is calculated to lower the tone of the obstinate skeptic, who denies the possibility of the re-appearance of deceased persons, and especially such as have been prematurely cut off. It may fare with them as it did with him. Their evil genius, to punish them for their unbelief, may lie in ambush for them, and expose their credulity, were it only for a short time. The story of his instructive adventure is as follows:—

At the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, the number of foreigners in the Prussian army was very great. Many, who were fond of the wild military life in time of war, had no notion of bowing their necks in peaceful garrisons to the yoke of strict subordination. Not a few, unmindful of their duty and their oath, sought to escape; and among the French, in particular, desertion was very frequent. It was found necessary to adopt rigorous measures to put a stop to this spreading evil.

Accordingly, in a certain garrison, a young French musqueteer, named Idée, who, impelled by an ardent desire to revisit his native country, had thrice deserted, was

sentenced to be hanged. A gibbet was erected for the purpose, near one of the town-gates, not far from which there was a military guard-house. The sentence was executed on the 31st of August, 1764, and the body of Idée was then buried without the town, near a spot where the women were accustomed to dry their linen. It was natural to expect that the culprit would pay nocturnal visits to such of the good-wives as kept watch over the linen hung out there to dry. He actually appeared almost every night, and drove the terrified creatures from the place. Such as may suppose that this was only some sly thief concealed under the disguise of a spectre, need but be informed, that the washerwomen were never more secure from the depredations of thieves than at this time; and that, as soon as the morning dawn had scared away the nocturnal visitor, they always found their linen exactly as they had left it. This was half a proof, at least, that the apparition was of supernatural origin.

The rumour that Idée's ghost walked, was soon spread throughout the whole town, and became the general topic of conversation in every company. The unsupported statements of the washerwomen might have been liable to suspicion; but their veracity was established beyond the possibility of doubt by the declarations of the sentinels, who affirmed that they had seen the malefactor, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another.

The unfortunate man had been executed and interred in a white coat bordered with black ribbon, a present from some compassionate females of the town. It was in this attire that he appeared again after his death. The story of this spectre, which spread universal consternation, received daily additions, like a rolling snow-ball. The unhappy wight grew bolder by degrees. About four months

after his execution, he stalked, with a melancholy air, and with a lantern in his hand, before the faces of the sentinels, to the gallows erected for him within the town, and after surveying it intently on all sides, suddenly vanished. This was seen not only by the sentries, but by several other soldiers on guard.

The belief in the reality of the ghost now gained strength; for it had appeared not merely to old women, but to warriors whose valour had been proved beyond all doubt in many a battle, and to whom more courage and presence of mind are therefore justly ascribed than to any other class of persons. Even those whom a superior education and a mind unfettered by prejudice had hitherto preserved from womanish fears, now felt a thrill of involuntary horror, when chance threw them at night into the way of the resuscitated malefactor.

Among these last, the narrator classed himself. At that time eighteen years old, he was serving as a common soldier in that garrison, but disbelieved the whole story of the spectre, because he had neither seen this nor any other. Though by birth a German, he had from his situation acquired at an early age considerable fluency in the French language, so that he was employed as interpreter during the confinement of Idée, who understood not a word of German. He had frequently been on duty as a sentinel with this unfortunate man, and was thoroughly acquainted both with his person and sentiments. He never expected to behold his executed comrade again; but his incredulity was at last signally punished. We shall continue the narrative in his own words:—

On the 7th of January, 1765, I was on duty at the gate, about fifty paces from which stood the gibbet on which Idée was hanged. The officer of the watch had a friend with

him until ten o'clock. When he had retired, I was preparing to lie down on the bench in the soldiers' room to get a nap, when the officer wished me to go with him into his apartment, to bear him company. I was excessively sleepy, and therefore frankly confessed that I was quite unfit for the purpose: but the officer was so urgent, that I could not refuse to take a pipe of excellent tobacco and a glass of good beer with him. Over these I soon recovered my usual flow of spirits.

"Do you know the reason, Pressler," said the officer, "why I have desired your company?"

"I suppose," replied I, "because, out of the twenty-four who are on duty here, you like my company best."

"Certainly; but I have a particular reason besides."

"What is that?"

"I am afraid."

"Is it possible?" cried I, with a burst of laughter. "You forget that there are three sentinels before the house."

"No matter if there were thirteen. Last Christmas night Idée put them all to the rout, when, in his ludicrous attire, he contemplated the gallows by the light of his lantern. I am no believer in apparitions of this kind, and yet I am now suffering for the sins of my superstitious nurse. The deuse take the confounded gossips!"

We both laughed, smoked our pipes, and chatted away. The clock struck eleven. The relief sallied from the soldiers' room; the men repairing to their respective posts, some of which were at a considerable distance. In less than a quarter of an hour, those who had been relieved came back. We heard the usual cry of the sentries at a quarter to twelve, and then again at half-past

twelve. Immediately afterwards we heard hasty footsteps, like those of many persons together, rushing into the house and into the soldiers' room opposite to that where we were sitting.

"What is that?" cried the amazed lieutenant.

"I verily believe," replied I, somewhat alarmed, "that the sentinels have run away again from their posts." Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, before something rapped at our door. We looked at each other; my companion changed colour, and it is not unlikely that he may have made the same observation respecting me. The candle on the table burned dimly, and thus rendered the scene that ensued the more awful.

The knocking was repeated: I took courage and cried, "Come in!" and in stalked with solemn pace the unfortunate Idée himself, in the very dress in which he suffered.

Our consternation at this sight is not to be described. We sprung from our seats: I flew to the lieutenant, and the lieutenant to me. We sought refuge between the table and the settle, and both sank terrified almost to death upon the latter. We durst scarcely raise our eyes for fear of encountering those of the spectre, which still gazed steadfastly at us in silence.

"Do you know me, lieutenant?" at length cried the intruder, in a hollow sepulchral tone, but yet in pure German. These words enabled me to recover my scattered senses. This cannot be the Idée who was hanged, thought I to myself, for he could not speak a word of German, and he cannot possibly have learned the language so expeditiously in the other world. The idea which naturally followed, that it was a trick of some impudent fellow to amuse himself at our expense, hurt

my pride, and I determined to investigate the matter. Mustering all my courage, I snuffed the candle, and taking it in my left hand advanced towards the figure. My blood curdled as I approached nearer, and I was almost tempted to turn back. Luckily my good genius imparted to me spirit and strength. I rushed upon the spectre, collared it, and behold—it was flesh and bone.

With this conviction all my energies suddenly returned. I thrust the supposed culprit violently against the door, which stood ajar, so as to shut it. "Scoundrel, who are you?" cried I, in a tone that was none of the gentlest. I received no answer. My unexpected treatment seemed to terrify the ghost quite as much as he had before terrified us. Nevertheless my speedily revived courage had well-nigh left me as speedily, when, after again violently shaking the figure, no answer was returned.

At length it crouched towards a corner, and began to cry out lamentably: "Don't hurt me, sir!" A smart thump on the head accompanied the repetition of my question: "Scoundrel, who are you?"

"I am Z——, secretary to ——,"* stammered the affrighted ghost. These few words restored to my hitherto speechless officer the use of his tongue. Expressions of the most vehement indignation, curses, and imprecations as coarse as were ever uttered by the roughest soldier, were poured forth by him upon the audacious secretary. "Stab the dog! stab him to the heart!" cried he to me repeatedly.

Notwithstanding the passion in which I was myself,

* The writer has not given the names, because, though the hero of the story is dead, yet many of his respectable family are still living.

"I thrust the supposed culprit violently against the door, which stood ajar, so as to shut it."—*Page* 28.

I fortunately recollected that there are cases in which it is not right to obey our superiors; for I was still rational enough to recognise a *man* in the *dog*. Instead of spilling the blood of a ghost, I began to question the nocturnal adventurer in the closest manner concerning the fool's dress, which had rendered him so terrible to us.

"I merely wished to show the lieutenant my masquerade dress," said he.

The fellow was dressed in a sort of shepherd's habit, which looked just like that in which the Frenchman was executed, excepting that, on closer examination, it was bordered, not with black, but with dark green ribbon. This colour, as everybody knows, appears black by a faint light, and the imagination is apt to represent it, especially in particular cases, as coal black. But as the ghost had neither crook nor pouch, and these things are indispensably necessary to the characteristic accoutrements of a shepherd, the lieutenant took occasion to read him another severe lecture on his conduct, and then I bundled him out at the door.

Our blood had not yet time to cool, nor had we relighted our pipes, which had gone out during this scene, when something tapped timidly at the window behind me. "The devil of a fellow is at the window again already!" cried the lieutenant. I looked out, and sure enough there stood the ghost, which, as one would have supposed, ought to have been very glad to have escaped with a whole skin. We were now thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the phantom; we had palpably convinced ourselves of his corporeal existence; and yet we could not repress an emotion of terror, when the imaginary Idée again appeared at the window.

"Well, is not the farce yet over?" cried I: "what do

you want now?" "Only to request the lieutenant to order the gate to be opened for me, that I may go home." It should be observed that he lived in the suburbs.

"Tell the sentinel to let you out."

"There is none there."

I closed the window in dismay. "What the devil!" cried the enraged lieutenant, springing from his seat—"No sentry there!"—Owing to the severity of the Prussian military laws, the affair was now likely to be attended with the most serious consequences. A seasonable allusion to our own adventure operated according to my wishes on the rigid lieutenant. I prevailed upon him to occupy with me for a moment the place of the sentries, and then we hastened to restore order in the guard-house.

"Where are the sentries?" asked the lieutenant. "They have come in," was the reply, "because the spectre appeared every moment." He gave the timorous fellows a severe reprimand, and drove them with some smart strokes of his cane to their post. Glad to come off so easily for a misdemeanor which was punishable with the gauntlet, they hastened back to their station; but no sooner did they perceive the ghost standing by the gate, than back they bounced again. The lieutenant then ordered a subaltern officer to open the gate. "Directly," was the reply, and he fumbled about a long time as if he could not find the keys.

At length he began to proceed leisurely towards the gate; but no sooner had he set eyes on the self-styled shepherd, than he ran back to the guard-house as if the devil had been at his heels. This subaltern was by no means a person of the ordinary stamp, but a man of good education, who was advantageously distinguished by valuable attainments above most of his equals in rank, but he,

too, proved the influence of juvenile impressions, and of the delusions of the imagination over sober reason.

"Will you let the man out?" said the officer, in an angry tone.

"Not I, indeed, sir," replied he peremptorily, handing the key to the lieutenant. The latter took it, and silently opened the gate. The ghost bounded away, rejoiced at not receiving something to take along with him.

To judge from circumstances, Z. had designedly got up the farce of this apparition. In his general conduct he manifested a fondness for tricks of this kind. He possessed at that time a property of fifty thousand dollars, which, by one silly prank or other, he melted down in a few years to less than one half. I was heartily glad that our adventure put an end to the town-talk, and that it had furnished my reason with fresh weapons from the sphere of experience for contending with superstition; for many of those who had seen the spectre before it was unmasked, were convinced, from experience, and from what they deemed an undeniable fact, that at least some apparitions are real. Incredulous as I was myself before I went into the officer's room, who knows what would have become of my ghostly philosophy, had this spectre acted a little more consistently, and talked French, instead of rousing me from my dream of horror, and restoring my presence of mind by a question in High German!

GARRICK'S GHOST.

In the records of his life by Taylor, we read of a trick of the great actor, who, like Brinsley Sheridan, had an inkling for practical jokes. It was on a professional visit of Dr. Moncey. "Garrick was announced for King Lear on that night, and when Moncey saw him in bed, he expressed his surprise, and asked him if the play was to be changed. Garrick was dressed, but had his night-cap on, and a quilt was drawn over him to give the appearance of being too ill to rise. Dr. M. expressed his surprise, as it was time for Garrick to be at the theatre to dress for King Lear. Garrick, in a languid and whining tone, told him that he was too much indisposed to perform himself, but that there was an actor named Marr, so like him in figure, face, and voice, and so admirable a mimic, that he had ventured to trust the part to him, and was sure the audience would not perceive the difference. Pretending that he began to feel worse, he requested Moncey to leave the room in order that he might get a little sleep, but desired him to attend the theatre, and let him know the result. As soon as the doctor quitted the room, Garrick jumped out of the bed and hastened to the theatre. Moncey attended the performance. Having left Garrick in bed, he was bewildered by the scene before him, sometimes doubting, and sometimes being astonished at the resemblance between Garrick and Marr. At length, finding that the audience

were convinced of Garrick's identity, Moncey began to suspect a trick had been practised upon him, and instantly hurried to Garrick's house at the end of the play; but Garrick was too quick for him, and was found by Moncey in the same state of illness. These are truths which are indeed stranger than fiction.

APPARITION OF LORD WILLIAM PETTY.

It is affirmed that Lord William Petty, who was under the care of Dr. Priestley, the librarian, and the Rev. Mr. Jervis, his tutor, was attacked, at the age of seven, with inflammation of the lungs, for which Mr. Alsop was summoned to Bowood. After a few days, the young nobleman seemed to be out of danger; but, on a sudden relapse, the surgeon was again sent for in the evening.

It was night before this gentleman reached Bowood, but an unclouded moon showed every object in unequivocal distinctness. Mr. Alsop had passed through the lodge gate, and was proceeding to the house, when, to his astonishment, he saw Lord William coming towards him, in all the buoyancy of childhood, restored, apparently, to health and vigour. "I am delighted, my dear lord," he exclaimed, "to see you, but, for Heaven's sake, go immediately within doors; it is death to you to be here at this time of night." The child made no reply, but, turning round, was quickly out of sight. Mr. Alsop, unspeakably surprised, hurried to the house. Here all was distress and confusion, for *Lord William had expired a few minutes before he reached the portico.*

This sad event being with all speed announced to the Marquis of Lansdowne, in London, orders were soon received at Bowood for the interment of the corpse and the arrangement of the funeral procession. The former was directed to take place at High Wickham, in the vault

which contained the remains of *Lord William's mother;* the latter was appointed to halt at two specified places during the two nights on which it would be on the road. Mr. Jervis and Dr. Priestley attended the body. On the first day of the melancholy journey, the latter gentleman, who had hitherto said little on the subject of the appearance to Mr. Alsop, suddenly addressed his companion with considerable emotion in nearly these words: "There are some very singular circumstances connected with this event, Mr. Jervis, and a most remarkable coincidence between a dream of the late Lord William and our present mournful engagement. A few weeks ago, as I was passing by his room door one morning, he called me to his bedside: 'Doctor,' said he, 'what is your Christian name?' 'Surely,' said I, 'you know it is Joseph.' 'Well, then,' replied he, in a lively manner, 'if you are *Joseph*, you can interpret a *dream* for me, which I had last night. I dreamed, doctor, that I set out upon a long journey; that I stopped the first night at *Hungerford*, whither I went without touching the ground; that I flew from thence to *Salt Hill*, where I remained the next night, and arrived at High Wickham on the third day, where my dear mamma, beautiful as an angel, stretched out her arms and caught me within them.' Now," continued the doctor, "these are precisely the places where the dear child's corpse will remain on this and the succeeding night before we reach his mother's vault, which is finally to receive it."

Now here is a tissue of events as strange as they are circumstantial; and I might set myself to illustrate the apparition by the agitated state of Mr. Alsop's mind, were it not for the *utter fallacy* of this mysterious story, on which the late Rev. Mr. Jervis, of Brompton, whom I

knew and esteemed, deemed it essential to publish "Remarks" in the year 1831. From these you will learn that Mr. Warner is in error regarding the "address, designation, and age of the Hon. William Granville Petty, the nature and duration of his disorder, and the name of the place of interment." And then it comes out that neither Dr. Priestley nor Mr. Jervis attended the funeral, nor conversed at any time on the circumstance; and, regarding Mr. Alsop's death-bed declaration, Mr. Jervis, who was in his intimate confidence, never heard of such a thing until Mr. Warner's volume was pointed out to him.

This strange story, believed by good and wise men, involved a seeming mystery, until we read in Mr. Jervis's "Remarks" one simple sentence in reference to the gentlemen by whom it was first told—that "the enthusiasm of his nature predisposed him to entertain some visionary and romantic notions of supernatural appearances."

THE WATER SPIRIT.

In January, 1734, the ship Elizabeth, Captain Walker, lay at anchor in the harbour of Cadiz, and had on board Mr. Burnet, a surgeon, and a native of Ireland, who was returning to his native country. Being a very intelligent man, and a most entertaining companion, the Captain conceived a particular friendship for him. One day the conversation turned on apparitions. Burnet seemed to be a firm believer in ghosts; at least he related a great number of extraordinary stories, which might be considered to argue such a belief. Walker, on the contrary, satisfied in his own mind of the impossibility of supernatural appearances, endeavoured to convince his friend of the absurdity and defective evidence of those stories; and declared that nothing on earth could induce him to adopt other notions at the expense of his reason, and convert him to the faith in the visible appearance of the spirits of deceased persons.

This, perhaps, inconsiderate declaration suggested to Mr. Burnet the idea of showing his friend, how reason, bound by the nature of man, and still more by education and prejudice, in the shackles of imagination, is frequently tyrannized over by the latter.

About noon, they were standing with several of the crew on the forecastle, and looking at the Governor's guard-boats bringing-to in the bay, when Burnet, who was known to be an excellent swimmer, offered to bet that

he would leap overboard and swim under water all the way to those boats, close to which he would suddenly emerge, and terrify the men on guard, who would take him for a water spirit.

The bet was accepted; Burnet stripped, sprung into the water, and was presently out of sight. The crew ran forward, and all fixed their eyes steadfastly on the guard-boats, in expectation of seeing him rise. They waited in vain; he did not make his appearance, for he had undertaken more than he could accomplish. A considerable time elapsed: all hopes of ever seeing him again were wholly extinguished; he must certainly have perished. All on board were in the utmost uneasiness and dismay, and especially those who had wagered with him, and who were now tormented by the idea that they were in some measure accessary to his death.

This melancholy event threw a damp over the spirits of the whole crew. At dusk, Walker retired with some of his friends to his cabin, where the loss of their agreeable companion was the only, and by no means cheering topic of their conversation.

The party broke up, and the Captain went to bed in a state of extraordinary dejection. His mind was so deeply engaged with the lamentable fate of his friend, that he found it impossible to sleep. He had thus lain for a considerable time; the moon shone bright through the window of the cabin, when he perceived that the door opened. He turned his eyes that way, and discovered something which could not but astonish him, for he fancied that it resembled a human figure. Presently recovering from his surprise, he would fain have persuaded himself that it was only a phantom of his disturbed imagination, and looked another way. His eyes, however, turned instinct-

ively to the mysterious object, which he now saw plainly approaching him, and in which he recognised the exact figure of his deceased friend. At this moment he was seized with a horror which shook his inmost soul, and extorted involuntary tones of agony from his heaving bosom.

The mate, who used to sleep behind the cabin near the steerage, was not yet in bed, and heard the Captain cry in a loud and evidently agitated voice, "Who are you?" He instantly ran in with a light; but, on perceiving Burnet's spirit wrapped in a morning gown, he fell senseless on the floor without uttering a single word.

The nocturnal intruder now proved himself to be a humane and compassionate spirit, manifesting, from this moment, the utmost anxiety for the revival of the mate, who was half dead with fear. The spectre ran to a bottle of spirits which stood in the window, held it to the poor fellow's nose, and rubbed his temples with the liquor. The Captain, who still lay trembling in every joint, observing the kind officiousness of the spirit, began to recover from his terror.

This supposed spectre completely dispelled his astonishment and consternation, when, without relaxing for a moment his attentions to the apparently lifeless mate, he thus addressed the Captain: "My dear friend,"—for it was no other than Burnet himself—"I beg your pardon: I am afraid I have carried the joke too far. I swam round the ship and got in again, unobserved, at the cabin window. This result I had not calculated on; for my only object was to convince you of the natural terror which usually overpowers even the boldest, on occasion of such appearances. You are now, I dare say, thoroughly convinced of this oft-contested truth."

Walker was sincerely rejoiced to be thus awaked from his frightful dream, and to know that his friend, whom he had believed to be dead, was still living. But, while he cheerfully acknowledged that he was vanquished and perfectly convinced, he did not fail to recommend the mate to his friend's best efforts, lest his revival from a sham death should be marked by the real death of the poor fellow.

Mr. Burnet's endeavours to recover him were not unsuccessful; but no sooner did the mate come to himself, and set his eyes on the supposed ghost, who inadvertently stood just before him, than again, overcome with terror, he relapsed immediately into his former senseless state. Burnet then retired from the cabin, to call others to the assistance of the unfortunate man; and much time was consequently lost; for all to whom he applied were more or less frightened at the unexpected appearance of one whom they regarded as drowned, so that he had great difficulty, with all his arts of persuasion, to convince them that he was himself.

The unfortunate mate never recovered the complete use of his senses. Nature had sustained too severe a shock, and reason was driven, as it were, from her seat for ever. From that unlucky hour his mental faculties seemed to be stupefied; and he never afterwards could be brought to look Mr. Burnet in the face, though he had previously been one of the most courageous of men, and had undauntedly braved death in many a danger.

Thus terminated Burnet's experiment to try how soon the imagination of an incredulous person may be overcome; and how far the fear natural to every person may extend its influence over the so easily deluded senses. His adventure shows us, at the same time, that it may be

dangerous to attempt to convince the reason by attacking the imagination; that it betrays but little kindness or delicacy of feeling thus to dissect, in a manner, the soul of a friend out of mere curiosity; and that it is unpardonable temerity, even in one who is impressed with the fullest conviction of the nonentity of supernatural appearances, to expose himself to any trial by which human ingenuity may put him and his courage to too severe a test.

THE FRIAR'S GHOST IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT VIENNA.

The beautiful Aurora Königsmark had just given birth, in 1692, to the infant who became, in the sequel, the renowned Marshal Saxe, when Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, tore himself from her arms, and followed the call of honour to Hungary, where the Imperial army was opposing the Turks.

The camp was not a harem. The dangers and the hardships of war formed so disagreeable a contrast to the magic festivities of Moritzburg, that Augustus soon grew weary of his new career; and at the end of the campaign he quitted the army, returning by way of Vienna for the purpose of paying his respects to the Emperor. Leopold received and treated the Elector with such distinction and attention, as no Protestant prince had ever before experienced at the Austrian court.

The easy and agreeable manner of Augustus paralyzed, for a time, the Spanish etiquette of that court, and gave rise to a series of brilliant *fêtes* in honour of the Elector. Equality of age, and similarity of disposition, soon produced a close friendship between him and Joseph, King of the Romans, which seemed to the courtiers to be of a political tendency, and therefore attracted universal notice. In order to discover the secret, they endeavoured to involve the Elector in love-intrigues; but this *stratagem* at first failed. At length the proud and volup-

tuous Countess Esterle tried her powers of fascination, and the lovely Aurora was soon banished from his thoughts.

Intoxicated with the rapture of the first enjoyment Augustus was yet revelling in delicious morning dreams, when he received a summons to attend the King. He repaired without delay to his apartment; but what was his astonishment to find this prince, whom he had left perfectly well the preceding night, pale, perturbed, and indeed half delirious in bed.

"Good God!" exclaimed the Elector, "what is the matter? What has happened to your Majesty?"

"A most frightful adventure," replied Joseph, collecting himself; "you shall hear, and I am certain you will tremble along with me. Last night I was visited by the most horrid apparition that, perhaps, ever terrified mortal. I had been in bed about two hours, when the door of this chamber flew open with a great noise. Under the idea that it was my page, I did not undraw my curtain, but reprimanded him severely for disturbing me. Judge, however, what was my terror, when all at once I heard the rattling of chains, and near me stood a tall white figure, which, in a hollow, frightful tone, thus addressed me:—

"'King Joseph! behold in me a spirit which is enduring the pains of purgatory, and is commissioned by a higher power to announce to thee, that, by thy friendship for the Elector of Saxony, thou wilt infallibly plunge thyself into the abyss of destruction. I come to warn, and to save thee. Renounce, then, this unhallowed connection, or expect everlasting damnation!'

"With this threat the clanking of chains was redoubled, and, as fright fettered my tongue, the spectre

proceeded: 'What, Joseph! dost thou not answer me? Wilt thou have the audacity to defy the Almighty? Is the kindness, is the favour of a mortal of more value to thee than the grace of God, to whom thou owest every thing? In three days I will come for thy answer; and if thou art then resolved to continue thy intercourse with the Elector, thy destruction and his are inevitable.'

"With these words the figure vanished, and left me in agony not to be described. I had not power to call my attendants. After some time I rang my bell with great difficulty, and my valet found me almost insensible.

"I am now somewhat more tranquil; for I am resolved to amend my life, and hope to obtain forgiveness of my sins. I am only apprehensive for you, and therefore conjure you to embrace our holy religion: throw yourself into the bosom of that church through which alone there is salvation, and thus assure yourself of eternal life."

Here the King finished his narrative, which cost him manifest effort, and sunk exhausted on his pillow. The Elector was too much confounded and affected to reply. He silently considered the possibilities and probabilities of this mysterious occurrence; but his sober reason could not find any ground for attributing the extraordinary circumstance to supernatural agency.

He endeavoured at first to persuade his friend that the apparition was nothing but a lively dream, the phantom of a morbid imagination: but the King repeatedly assured him he knew, alas! but too well, that it was a reality; that he was awake, and that his statement was perfectly accurate.

"But," said the Elector, "may it not have been a wilful deception?"

Joseph, with genuine grandezza, refused for a moment

to entertain this idea, because he was sure that no one would have the audacity to palm so gross an imposition upon him.

"Appearances, indeed," courteously rejoined Augustus, "are against this conjecture, but the host of intriguing priests, by which this court is encompassed, embraces many inventive geniuses. Might not some of these have formed a plan for ridding it of me, from a notion that our conversation may relate to religious topics, and that I may be revealing their rogueries to your Majesty?"

This idea had some weight with the King.

The Elector asked whether his confessor had never raised objections against their friendship; and Joseph frankly acknowledged, that he had not only frequently exhorted him to break it off, but even threatened to refuse him absolution, in case he should not discontinue his intercourse with the Elector. "Now we come to the point!" cried the Elector, recovering all at once his usual flow of spirits. He then explained to the King the probable motives of the plan, and the means employed for its execution, and undertook to unmask the prophet of evil. Both promised to observe inviolable silence respecting the result of this conversation, and Augustus retired to his apartments, which he did not quit for three days, upon pretext of indisposition. The fair Esterle endeavoured, but in vain, to draw him from his seclusion, and he, meanwhile, matured his plan.

On the third night he undressed and went to bed as usual; but no sooner had he dismissed his attendants, than he rose and repaired by a private door to the King's chamber. Here he waited in concealment for the midnight hour. The clock struck twelve, and the spectre appeared, with all the horrors that had attended its first visit.

"King Joseph!" began a sepulchral voice; but it was prevented from proceeding by the Herculean arm of the Elector, who seized the apparition by the throat, and dashed it on the floor. "What impudent scoundrel art thou?" thundered the Elector. The King trembled behind his curtain for the fate of Augustus.

"Jesus!—Maria!" shrieked the spectre—"Mercy!—For God's sake!—I am a *Pater*."

"What!" cried the Elector—"thou art a spirit! then hie thee back to purgatory, whence thou art come."

He had, meanwhile, opened the window, and with a long, loud shriek, down rolled the pretended ghost over the roofs of the buildings of the Imperial palace. The chains clanked amid the stillness of night, and accelerated the fall. The noise brought a sentinel on duty at the palace to the spot, and in the unlucky spectre he recognised a dependent of the King's confessor.

The miserable wretch certainly did not expect to be thus remunerated for so honourable a mission. He was dashed almost in pieces, and expired in a few hours, but his spirit has not been known to have ever returned from purgatory.

Shame, horror, and indignation, were now expressed in the countenance of the King. He was incensed at the base intrigue, and vowed, on his accession to the throne, to expel all the Jesuits from the country. Time, however, moderated the vehemence of this rash resolve; he did not keep his word; indeed, he was scarcely able to dismiss a confessor, by whom he had been so egregiously imposed upon.

This adventure excited an extraordinary sensation at Vienna, and strong interest and admiration in behalf of *the Elector*. The Emperor Leopold alone expressed his

displeasure at this precipitate conduct at a foreign court, and became evidently colder towards Augustus, who seemed not to observe the change, finished his intrigue with the ambitious Hungarian Countess, and then quitted Vienna in triumph.

The cunning fathers of the Society of Jesus were obliged, for that time, to relinquish the plan they had matured, for catching in their net one of the most powerful apostates of Germany, whose ancestors had so essentially promoted the Reformation. But it was only for a time. What priestcraft could not on this occasion accomplish, was effected soon afterwards by an unlucky longing after the Polish crown. The very same Augustus, who had so zealously defended the principles of Protestantism, voluntarily deposited his solemn recantation of the faith of his forefathers in the hands of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Raab. In possession of an imaginary dignity, he was, in the sequel, involved in a series of humiliations and difficulties, which obscured his glory, and cooled the attachment of his honest Saxons.

He continued till his death in what is styled the only true faith. He now suffered spirits to walk at pleasure, and his annals even relate, that he treated all subsequent nocturnal apparitions with peculiar complaisance.

THE BEAR OF FRIEDRICHSHALL.

Previous to the French Revolution, there was no class of people in continental Europe so thoroughly superstitious as the common soldiers. Men who would readily peril their lives in the "imminent deadly breach" would tremble and fly at the bare apprehension of seeing a ghost. Napoleon's atheistical myrmidons changed all this; but the following story will illustrate the state of things at a period when soldiers had not become so brave as to fear neither God, man, nor the devil.

When Charles XII. of Sweden was besieging the town of Friedrichshall, in Norway, in the winter of the year 1718, one night between twelve and one o'clock, something that had the appearance of a huge bear was perceived in the place, not far from the powder-magazine. His tremendous roar as he approached drove the sentries from their post, and terrified them to such a degree, that they ran breathless to the guard-house, declaring that the devil in the form of a bear haunted that part of the town.

For this violation of their duty the men were instantly put in irons, and a subaltern was ordered to proceed immediately with a fresh party to occupy the post which they had deserted. These, however, together with the subaltern, presently betook themselves to flight. They protested that the monster had advanced straight to meet them, and that he had vomited flames of fire from his *gasping* jaws.

An officer now received directions to go with a sufficient force and sift the story of this formidable apparition to the bottom: but after their arrival no traces of the shaggy quadruped were to be seen. It had vanished, probably because the clock had already struck one; for it is well known that the devil and his imps are visible only in the same hour with spectres and apparitions.

The very next morning the rigid commandant, adhering to the letter of the articles of war, caused the soldiers belonging to the two parties who had abandoned their post, the subaltern not excepted, to be hanged. They died in the firm conviction that it was the devil whom they had seen.

When the troops for guard-duty were drawn up on the parade, and had their different posts, among which was that at the powder-magazine, allotted to them, those to whom the watch there between the hours of eleven and one was assigned could not by any means be prevailed on to do their duty. "Since we have the choice," said they, "of having our heads screwed off by the devil, or being tucked up by the hangman, we would rather die by the hand of the latter than fall into the tremendous claws of Beelzebub."

The commandant, who knew all his men, selected from among them the most intrepid, and promised each of them, who would undertake the midnight duty at the powder-magazine, twelve ducats and promotion to a halbert. After a long pause, two sturdy Pomeranians offered to take the duty at the two posts in the front and rear of the building, but only on the condition, that each post should this time consist of two men, and that two others of their comrades should agree to accompany them. Two more were accordingly found, and the four resolute

fellows, after loading their muskets with a brace of balls, and providing them with fresh flints, repaired to their posts.

The whole garrison was in fearful expectation, which became more and more intense the nearer the dreadful hour approached. Not a snore was heard on the benches of the guard-house; not a subaltern narrated his achievements; not a drummer played merry-andrew tricks; a dead silence everywhere prevailed. At the powder-magazine the four sentries, with quick strides, paced up and down their beat, at the same time repeating their prayers aloud.

The dreaded hour arrived, and with the last stroke of the clock a low growl was heard at a distance. The faint glimmering of fire was soon afterwards discerned. The roaring became more frightful, and the infernal bear himself appeared. Two of the sentries, without waiting the nearer approach of the monster, ran away; a third, one of the Pomeranians, in the act of taking aim, fell to the ground and broke his arm; and the fourth, his countryman, alone fired. But he had either missed his foe, or what seemed most likely to him at this critical moment, he was destined to learn from experience the truth of the ancient well-known adage, that "spirits cannot be wounded." The tremendous animal, with horrid roar, now made towards him, and he also took to his heels.

The commandant had given strict orders, that if any thing occurred during the night, it should be instantly reported to him. A subaltern was accordingly despatched; but before he returned, an old captain resolved to go and meet the goblin. He ordered a sergeant to follow him; the latter refused, till the drawn sword of *the captain* forced him to obey.

"Without losing a moment, he gave the bear, which was groping at the door of the building, such a blow on the head with the hatchet, as laid the monster sprawling."—*Page* 51.

Before he set out, he armed himself with a hatchet, stuck a loaded pistol in his sash, and made the sergeant take a carbine. He moreover posted men at small intervals all the way towards the powder-magazine, that in case of emergency they might hasten the more speedily to each other's assistance. The undaunted officer then went forward, followed by the sergeant. On approaching the dangerous spot, he saw a glimmering light at the door of the powder-magazine. He redoubled his pace. "Quick, comrade, but softly!" said he in a low voice; "this is a devil of a peculiar kind."

He succeeded in approaching the magazine unobserved. Without losing a moment, he gave the bear, which was groping at the door of the building, such a blow on the head with the hatchet, as laid the monster sprawling.

"Clap the carbine to his throat!" cried the captain to his companion; "but don't fire till he stirs!" He then discharged his pistol as a signal to his men, and several soldiers immediately hastened with torches and lanterns to the spot.

The bear, which was still alive, being stripped of his hide, proved to be a resolute Swede, provided with pick-locks and crow-bars. He had contrived to produce the appearance of vomiting fire by means of the lighted end of a match which he held between his teeth, and with which he designed to have blown up the magazine.

The commandant caused him to be hanged the next day in his ursine accoutrements. The brave captain was immediately promoted to the rank of major, and the sergeant to an ensigncy.

BARBITO; OR, THE SPECTRE OF CUENZA.

A SPANISH TALE.

During the reign of Philip II. a rich hidalgo, named Don Lopez, resided on the bank of the Xucar, in the vicinity of Cuenza, at the farthest extremity of New Castile. He had a good heart, good health, a good table, and many friends. He was in all respects a happy man: he feared God, he loved the King, he respected the Holy Office; in a word, he was all that in those days a good Spaniard ought to be, for his peace, his honour, and his eternal salvation.

Don Lopez daily blessed his fate. "What have I done," said he, "to merit the favours with which Heaven is pleased to load me? I have the honour to belong to the greatest nation in the world; I have had my share in its glory; I have served under the great captain, and seen Francis I. taken prisoner at Pavia. At home I have nothing to wish for: my wife is a pattern of virtue, and her propensities are exactly the same as mine: whatever she says is just what I would have said, except, indeed, that I think it a great deal better said by her; and she spares me even the trouble of scolding our domestics, who very often deserve it. We have but one cause of complaint—the want of children; but in this life we must expect some disappointments. I have young distant relations whom I tenderly love, and who return my affection; and friends who never leave me: they form a voluntary family, who surround me for my happiness and

for their own. My friends are attached to me; they are people of excellent understandings. I know not how it happens that they are always in my way of thinking, for why should they stoop to flatter me? I give them a dinner, to be sure, but a dinner is not worth purchasing at such a price. Is not Father Ignacio, one of my guests, accustomed to say, that *man lives upon nothing?*"—This good prior of a convent of Hieronimites actually had this adage in his mouth; but he gave a decided preference to the pullets of Cuenza and the game of Badajoz, and never drank wine of Biscay when he could get that of La Mancha.

One single wish disturbed the good Lopez in the midst of his happiness. He was desirous of affording those around him some new and extraordinary gratification, which should heighten the degree of felicity that he thought each of them shared with him. Long were his meditations directed to this subject, and at length he hit upon an expedient. He resolved to disappear, but in the most serious manner, as a person disappears when he dies and is buried. He smiled when he figured to himself the sudden change which he should perceive in the faces of his dear kinsmen and his worthy friends. What an exquisite, what an unexpected, what an overpowering transition from profound grief to extravagant joy, when he should drop in among them as from the clouds, and they should hear him say, "Weep no more, here I am!"

I suspect how he came by this idea. It was not very long since Charles V. in his convent in Estremadura, had exhibited the ceremony of his own funeral, and Lopez determined to follow his example. No more than a week elapsed between the formation of this design and its execution.

Don Lopez had an attendant who was the perfect counterpart of the servant of the Centurion. He said to him, Listen, and he listened; Be silent, and he was silent; Follow, and he followed. Don Lopez first feigned illness; he grew worse and worse. There was not a physician but admitted this, since he refused, and for a good reason, to submit to be bled; and according to the practice of the faculty of Madrid, they had, as a preliminary step, proposed four operations of that kind.

At length he was given over and his case declared hopeless. His servant, the only person whom he suffered to attend him in this critical moment, collected the scattered members of a figure provided for the purpose; he hastily put together something which bore no bad resemblance to Don Lopez: the real one slunk away by a private staircase, and had been galloping for several hours on the high road to Cadiz, with the intention of embarking for the Low Countries, when his image was removed to be conveyed in procession to the great church of Cuenza.

Meanwhile all the bells of Cuenza were in motion, and the dressed-up figure was escorted by the clergy and the family in deep mourning. The whole cathedral was hung with black; its five naves and all the chapels were illuminated; Father Ignacio delivered the funeral sermon, and the singers performed a *De profundis* in such a style, that the impression made by it is not yet forgotten.

Don Lopez had meanwhile reached the Low Countries: to while away the six months of his intended absence, he determined to go to the wars. He joined the army just in time to share in the victory of Saint Quentin, and to lose the little finger of his left hand in that engagement. This accident was even inserted in the *Mercury* of the time, but under the designation of

Don * * *; for, as may easily be imagined, Don Lopez preserved the strictest *incognito*. His faithful servant Pedrillo rejoined him, and informed him of all the particulars related above; only, that he might not divert his master from his plan, to which he was exceedingly attached, he acquainted him with but a small part of the grief which his supposed death had occasioned, and thus left him in the full enjoyment of the pleasure of being deeply regretted. At the same time Pedrillo did not conceal the circumstance, that, on quitting the house on some plausible pretext or other, which is never wanting on such occasions, of all the friends to whom he had bidden adieu, Barbito was the one whom it had cost him the most trouble to prevail upon to remain at Cuenza. Barbito was a Pyrennean dog reared by Don Lopez. This animal was equally distinguished for his beauty, courage, strength, and fidelity. Don Lopez was thoroughly sensible of the attachment of his dear Barbito, which, since the disappearance of his master, was transferred to things that had belonged to him. He vowed that on his return his dog should have whole rabbits and partridges to feast upon, and an *olla podrida* to his own cheek on the 28th of August, the day on which he had given this grateful proof of remembrance.

Those who enlist under the banners of Mars run more than one risk. Don Lopez was taken prisoner by a knight of Lower Bretagne, who conducted him to his castle, and there kept him confined till the peace, that is to say, for the space of two tedious years. During all this time Don Lopez heard not a single word of Castile, and saw nothing from the windows of his dungeon but the chimneys of Quimpercorentin.

Meanwhile several incidents had occurred at Cuenza.

The grief excited by the death of Don Lopez was too acute to be lasting: such is the case with all violent emotions; were it not so, we should be unable to endure them, and this it is that excuses the human heart.

The good Castilian was prudence itself, and, that he might make sure finding his house as he left it, he had taken care to bequeath to his wife the full and free possession of all his property. Donna Beatrix, for that was her name, was, as we have observed, a discreet woman, and such a lover of order that she had not moved a chair from the place in which it had stood for upwards of fifteen years.

The will was found in the writing-desk of the supposed defunct; but the dear nephews, who had looked forward to the succession of their beloved uncle, attacked this sole support of the widow. A lawyer discovered that there was a comma in a place where there ought to have been a full point, and a particle where there should have been a conjunction. The matter was referred to the corregidor, by the corregidor to the oydors of the royal tribunal of Valencia, and by these oydors to the oydors of the chancery of Grenada, who, on account of the fatal comma, unanimously decided against the widow. The nephews were accordingly put into possession of the estates of Don Lopez. Donna Beatrix was allowed to retain the house alone: as her habits were frugal and her wishes moderate, as her wardrobe remained in the same place, her stock of chocolate in the same cupboard, and the cage of her parrot in the same corner, she was dejected only because the loss of the suit reminded her of the loss of her husband.

The affair, however, became the talk of the whole country and the neighbouring provinces. Don Lopez having regained his liberty, and being put quite out of

conceit with the idea of exciting surprise, returned as speedily, at least, as he departed. At an inn at Saragossa, he was informed of what had passed: he was somewhat astonished, but had no doubt that his presence would much more astonish his nephews, and restore things to their proper order. Instead, however, of the magnificent entertainment which he had designed to give, and in the midst of which he was to drop from the sky, to his own great joy and that of the whole company; the first thing he did was to run home, and tell his wife that it was all a joke, and that for the rest he had intended to return sooner.

He went in, and found Donna Beatrix sitting in the same chair, on the same spot, and engaged in the same occupation as formerly, that is, in making a dress for Our Lady of Cuenza. He ran towards her with all the eagerness of an affectionate husband. Donna Beatrix might, perhaps, have been thinking of him, but most certainly she never expected to see Don Lopez. No sooner did she perceive him than she crossed herself, and falling upon her knees before an image of Saint Jago de Compostella, "Ah, my dear husband!" cried she, "pray don't hurt me; you know I never did any thing to displease you." Don Lopez kept advancing. "Ah! dear, Holy Virgin!" exclaimed she, covering her face with her hands, "do not touch me, my dear husband; go back again, go back! If your soul wants any thing for its repose, I promise that plenty of masses shall be said for it; but, for Heaven's sake, go back, or you will frighten me to death!"

The good hidalgo, finding that his wife mistook him for a spectre, and that she was too much agitated to listen to his explanation, knew not whether to laugh or to weep;

but, with a view the more effectually to revive her spirits, he hurried to the convent of Hieronimites, and ran up stairs to the apartment of the Reverend Father Ignacio.

The father had just done copying the sermon of a missionary of Gallicia, for the purpose of appropriating it to his own use. This sermon treated of all the appearances which the evil spirit is capable of assuming in order to tempt the handmaids of the Lord, and was to be delivered successively in each of the six nunneries of Cuenza. Scarcely had Don Lopez entered, and opened his mouth to make himself known to his old friend, when the monk, who was full of his subject, and very far from a free-thinker, stared at him all aghast. Poor Don Lopez, grieved at the fright in which he had left his wife, and not less astonished at the fixed attitude of Ignacio, pulled him forcibly by the sleeve. The jolly prior, roused from his *siesta* after a good dinner, and divided between the fear of the devil whom he attacked in his sermon, and the figure of Don Lopez, which, as he thought, the devil alone could have assumed, scampered out at the door which was left open; and, without once looking behind him, left the field of battle to Don Lopez, or rather to the evil spirit.

Lopez quitted the convent, and went straightway to his nephews. He first met with the younger, and asked if he did not know him. The young man, who disbelieved the existence of ghosts, burst into a laugh. "God be praised," cried Lopez, "here, at least, I have found one rational person!" Upon this he began to relate to his nephew how his wife and the prior had taken him for what he was not: he assured him, that, so far from being a spirit, he was still flesh and bone—his dear uncle, the good *hidalgo Lopez*, who had always cherished a particular

affection for him; and concluded with trusting that his nephews would now, as a matter of course, restore his estate, of which they had taken possession rather too early. The young man was an Andalusian, gay and jocose; he laughed more heartily than before, and said, "Go about your business, good man; the mourning for you is over."

At these words Don Lopez flew into a violent passion, which is natural enough for a man who is denied to be what he is. This warm altercation attracted the notice of the elder brother, who went down stairs to see what was the matter. Don Lopez was not received more favourably by him; in vain he had recourse to persuasion and to threats. All the servants and the neighbours thronged round; one said that it could not possibly be the hidalgo Don Lopez, because he was at his interment; another, that Father Ignacio delivered the funeral discourse; a third, that he had carried a taper on the occasion to the convent of the Black Penitents; and all agreed, that the stranger had something of the look of Don Lopez, but for this reason he was the more dangerous an impostor. A little man in black judiciously observed, that it would be well to secure him, and carry him before the corregidor. This proposal was seconded by all the bystanders, and especially the two nephews; and they were just proceeding to put it into execution, in spite of the very natural rage of our hidalgo, when an alguasil major and four familiars, or officers of the Inquisition, alighting from a carriage, seized and hurried him before that highly respectable tribunal.

I shall not give the particulars of the examination which poor Don Lopez here underwent, or of the torture by water, to which recourse was had to force him to con-

fess what demon had taken possession of him, and to what order and class he belonged. The good hidalgo held out stoutly against the first six glasses which he was forced to swallow; but when he was extended upon a table, and a prodigious funnel thrust into his mouth, to double or triple the dose of the fatal liquid, his courage forsook him, and he would have confessed himself to be a devil of any class they pleased, but for a tremendous noise which suddenly resounded through the dreary vaults, and diverted the attention of his tormentors.

The blast that burst from the horn of Astolpho, or from the trumpets of Israel when they overthrew the walls of Jericho, could alone be compared to the sound which wakened all the echoes of this abode of silence and of terror. The familiars fell upon their knees, thinking that the last day had arrived; poor Don Lopez raised himself on his seat; the pen dropped from the hands of the secretary; the inquisitor turned pale;—it was Barbito, the faithful, the affectionate, the terrible Barbito. He had accidentally got scent of his master near the convent of the Hieronimites; he had followed him from street to street, to the Inquisition; where the jailers from fear, and the dogs of the prison out of friendship, had permitted him to enter. Barbito, restless, impatient, furious, continued to seek his master; he perceived him, and overturning every thing in his way, leaped upon the table; and having for a considerable time licked his hands, at length lay down at his feet. Wo be now to any one who durst approach him!

Barbito changed the fate of Don Lopez. But for him his master could have expected nothing milder than to be imprisoned for life, after figuring in an *auto de fé:* but the testimony of his dog was a ray of light that com-

"Barbito, restless, impatient, furious, continued to seek his master; he perceived him, and overturning every thing in his way, leaped upon the table."—*Page* 60.

pletely convinced the secretary. This little man, who was a great scholar, was just then printing a most ingenious dissertation on the souls of brutes. Barbito afforded an additional argument in favour of his system, and Don Lopez reaped the benefit of this. The secretary demonstrated to the Inquisitor, that a dog is a witness who cannot be objected to in any country. What proved, besides, that Don Lopez was not a devil in disguise, was, that he had not perceived the least smell of brimstone, which was generally the case with those who passed through his hands.

The secretary accompanied Don Lopez and Barbito to Donna Beatrix; at the sight of this witness, conjugal affection overcame her fears. But the good hidalgo might have perceived, if he would, that his return put her very much out of her way. She was, as we have observed, extremely methodical: for two years she had lived in the style of a widow, and now found herself obliged to resume that of a wife; but such was the goodness of her disposition, and her fondness for Don Lopez, that the shadow of dissatisfaction had soon passed, and an hour afterwards she thought of nothing but the happiness of seeing him again.

The wife of Don Lopez was the only person that followed the example of Barbito. The nephews, who had inherited his property, would never acknowledge him, and merely admitted that he bore some resemblance to the deceased. Father Ignacio entrenched himself behind his funeral discourse. The question concerning the restitution of the property was not discussed; Don Lopez recovered nothing, because, exclusively of the confusion which a retrograde movement creates in families, the corregidor of Cuenza, the royal audienza of Valencia, and the chancery of Grenada, could not be wrong.

The little secretary, who supported his book in patronizing Don Lopez, had a sister who was first waiting-woman to the king's mistress, Donna Clara de Mendoza, whom Titian was then painting as Venus Anadyomene, without other habiliment than a necklace and bracelets of oriental pearls as large as pigeon's eggs. The waiting-woman introduced Don Lopez and his dog to Donna Clara.

The first act of kindness certainly proceeded from a woman; in that sex, the heart never fails to guide the head. Donna Clara represented every thing to the monarch, from Barbito to the little finger of Don Lopez. She considered only his misfortunes and his goodness of heart; the king, on the other hand, beheld the services of a brave Spaniard, who had never asked a favour, and settled a pension upon him.

Don Lopez purchased the work of the little secretary, and wrote the history which the reader has here perused, to warn any one who should have a fancy to return like him, to take the prudent precaution to cause himself to be first recognised by his Barbito.

THE DANGER OF TAMPERING WITH THE FEAR OF GHOSTS.

Towards the end of the first quarter of the last century, the belief in ghosts and the fear of supernatural appearances began here and there to be considered as silly and dangerous. About this period some young men who were pursuing their studies at Vienna, and lived on friendly terms together, manifested a strong desire to shake off all the prejudices and superstitious notions in which they had been brought up. They soon perceived, however, that it was only by slow degrees that this object could be accomplished; nevertheless, one of them, named Joseph Bernhardi, who was apt to talk rather big, insisted that, at the age of twenty-two, he had long since completely conquered the grossest of his former prejudices, for instance, the dread of apparitions.

"Yes," said one of his companions, "I know as well as you that devils and spectres have not the power to hurt us; I am as firmly convinced as you can be that God is much too gracious and tender a Father to abandon us to the power of evil spirits; but still I cannot wholly free myself from the influence of the silly gossip of my nurse relative to this subject. And though I know there is no such thing as the hobgoblin and the black man to whom she threatened to give me in order to keep me quiet, and laugh at all such nonsense; still an obscure feeling of some inexplicable connection of night and dark-

ness with the occupations of invisible spirits pervades my mind, and, in spite of my better convictions and the arguments of reason, I cannot entirely suppress it. In particular, I cannot pass late at night by the charnel-house of our church-yard with coolness and composure; an involuntary horror comes over me, and I always quicken my pace, though I am thoroughly satisfied that the dead will lie quietly enough in their graves, and that those to whom the bones in the charnel-house once belonged have not the power to do us the least injury."

Bernhardi laughed heartily at this frank confession, and was not sparing of sarcastic remarks on his friend. "For my part," added he, boastfully, "I would engage to go to-night into the vault close to the charnel-house, and give the corpse deposited there a few days since a slap in the face, without feeling the slightest alarm."

His friends, on account of his swaggering, took him at his word. "As to the slap in the face," said they, "we will cheerfully excuse you and the poor corpse from that; but we shall expect you to prove to-night, between twelve and one, that you are capable of doing what you assert, or we shall all consider you as an arrant braggart, who has a heart in his mouth, but none where it ought to be."

Bernhardi was almost offended because his companions seemed to doubt his assurance, and declared that he was quite ready to submit to the required test. One of the students was acquainted with the family to whom the vault in question belonged, and found means to procure the key. In the evening, the party assembled at Bernhardi's apartments, and awaited with impatience the arrival of midnight. Twelve o'clock at length struck. They gave the resolute Bernhardi the key to the vault and a fork, which, to prove that he had really been there,

he was to stick into the coffin containing the corpse, to which he had proposed to give a slap in the face.

The students, for the sake of ease, were in their morning-gowns. Bernhardi, without quitting his, set out on his sepulchral expedition. His friends thought they could perceive him change colour, when they put the key and the fork into his hands; but yet he left them in apparently the highest spirits. They concluded that he was still in the same predicament with themselves. They were all firmly convinced that no harm was to be apprehended in the vault from a real ghost; but yet they could not help shuddering when they fancied themselves in his place, fork in hand, beside the coffin.

Bernhardi stayed much longer than they expected. According to their calculation, the whole business might have been performed in less than a quarter of an hour; and yet the clock struck one, and he had not returned. They began to be uneasy at his long absence, and to apprehend that some accident had befallen him. They accordingly agreed to go in a body, with a lantern, to the vault in quest of their friend. By the way they still entertained hopes of meeting him, but were disappointed. The reader may conceive their alarm, when they at length found him extended upon the ground before the open door of the vault, and to all appearance lifeless. They instantly lifted him up, and spoke to him, but received no answer. They held the lantern to his face; it was pale as death; his mouth was wide open, as though in the act of screaming, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. As soon as his young companions had recovered from their first fright, they lost no time in taking the necessary measures for his revival.

In the first place they loosed all those parts of his dress,

which, by their pressure, tended still more to impede the already obstructed circulation of the blood. The strongest of them then took him on his back and carried him home, while some ran for a doctor, or were otherwise occupied in arrangements for the recovery of their unfortunate friend. Not a moment was lost in useless lamentation, or frivolous conjectures, for they well knew that the delay of a quarter of an hour might, in such a case, prove fatal.

The moment they had reached his chamber they undressed him and put him to bed, laying him on his right side, that the determination of the blood to the region of the heart might not be increased; frequently sprinkled his face with cold water, and held to his nose a smelling-bottle containing volatile salt;—for want of which the best vinegar may be employed. After they had persevered some time in these attentions, some faint signs of returning animation were perceived. The doctor and his assistants redoubled their exertions, and at length had the inexpressible satisfaction to recall to life by their efforts the apparently inanimate Bernhardi.

The happiness which they felt at his revival was destined, however, to experience a severe drawback. They at first supposed that he was unable to speak from weakness: but, unfortunately, he never afterwards recovered entirely the power of speech. The violence of the fright had paralyzed his tongue, and for a long time he could not articulate a word so as to be understood. When asked what had happened to him on that unfortunate night in the vault, he shuddered, and by signs desired pen, ink, and paper to be brought to him in bed, on which he answered the inquiry of his friends in the following words:—

"I have been severely punished for my boasting and presumption. I reached the coffin without perceiving any thing that at all resembled a ghost; but when I had with trembling hand stuck the fork into the coffin, and was retiring with the utmost precipitation, something detained me by seizing my morning-gown. I struggled to extricate myself, but fell senseless with fright to the ground, and know not what happened afterwards."

On reading these lines, Bernhardi's friends were not a little astonished. They were not disposed to question the truth of this statement, but their reason had many objections to urge against it. How could a ghost hold a person fast by the morning-gown?—How could an immaterial being have hands to grasp any material object? They puzzled their brains for a considerable time, in vain, to reconcile their friend's account of his adventure with the voice of sound reason. At length they resolved to examine the vault itself, in hopes of discovering some traces of the supposed spirit.

Without communicating their intention to Bernhardi, his inquisitive comrades repaired the following night, at the hour of twelve, to the vault. They had the good sense to equip themselves against any emergency, because experience had taught them that such precautions impart courage for the pursuit of an inquiry of this nature. They took care to be provided, among other things, with several lanterns: for the same spectre which had terrified Bernhardi out of his wits in the dark, might perhaps prove, in a good light, to be a mere trifle.

They thus proceeded with all due precaution to the vault, searched every corner of it, looked among all the coffins, but found nothing. At length, one of them perceived the fork which their unfortunate friend had brought

with him the preceding night. It was thrust deep into one of the coffins, and from it hung a small piece of cotton. "Thank God!" cried he, "the ghost is discovered! See, here is the fork, and a bit of cotton out of Bernhardi's morning-gown! The poor fellow, in his hurry, pinned his gown with the fork to the coffin, and then imagined that it was a spirit which held him fast."

Perfectly satisfied with this discovery, they quitted the dreary abode of death, and hastened next morning to their unfortunate friend, to communicate to him the solution of the mystery. He immediately took up his morning-gown, and sure enough not only was there the expected hole, but the bit of cotton was found to fit it exactly. Bernhardi was greatly rejoiced at the discovery of the delusion; but never perfectly recovered the use of the organs of speech.

Supposing Bernhardi's friends had possessed less enterprise and resolution than were required for the cool investigation of the nature of the imaginary ghost, that is to say, of the natural cause of the fright that overpowered him; what would then have been thought of this story? The circumstance would certainly have been deemed inexplicable, and attributed to the operation of some evil spirit; and one generation would have repeated the tale to another with dismay and horror. Or, supposing Bernhardi had not stuck the fork deep enough into the coffin, so that, on retiring, he had pulled it out again with his morning-gown, without tearing the latter, what clue would there have been to the discovery of the real fact?

In this case his associates would probably have found the fork lying on the pavement of the vault, but would have been unable to conceive how it came there, as their comrade declared that he had stuck it in the coffin; for there,

"The poor fellow, in his hurry, pinned his gown with the fork to the coffin."—*Page* 68.

would have been no bit of cotton to explain the mystery. Had they even possessed sufficient good sense to consider, that it is not always possible to detect the natural causes of effects vulgarly attributed to supernatural agency, still this would not have been sufficient to satisfy Bernhardi, who, as long as he lived, would have firmly believed that an evil spirit had really held him fast by the coffin, and deprived him of speech as a punishment for his presumption.

And, in truth, it was an evil spirit that occasioned his misfortune, namely the spirit of superstition and prejudice, which had been instilled into him in his infancy by the pernicious gossip of silly people. He afterwards acknowledged to his friends in writing, that he really imagined he could have gone without any emotion of fear into the vault, but, as he entered it, he was seized with a horror which convinced him too late that he had not yet wholly freed himself from the childish terrors of his early years.

"Happy," added he, dropping a tear on the paper, "happy are they whose mothers and nurses have the good sense to avoid every thing that can sow in the tender infant mind the seeds of this superstitious fear, which all the arguments of reason cannot afterwards wholly eradicate!"

THE DEVIL AND THE PRUSSIAN GRENADIER.

It is an old saying, that "the devil is not so black as he is painted." This proverb receives confirmation from the following story, which shows that the appearance of his Satanic majesty on earth may occasionally be attended with very agreeable consequences.

In the year 1742, during the first Silesian war, Colonel de la Motte Fouqué, afterwards a Prussian general, received orders from Field-marshal Schwerin to occupy the town of Kremsir, in Moravia, with his battalion of grenadiers. Among other precautions which he adopted on taking possession of the place, he stationed a sentry upon the ramparts, not far from the house of a catholic priest. Rumour had given a bad character to this quarter of the town; and it was universally believed that the devil himself was frequently to be seen prowling about there. The Prussian sentinel had ocular demonstration of the accuracy of this report on the very first night; for no sooner had the hour of spirits arrived, than the Prince of Darkness appeared, all in black, with horns, claws, and a long tail, and armed with a dung-fork.

The grenadier posted at this place was a fearless veteran, who had long wished to fall in with his Infernal Majesty. Instead of being dismayed and deserting his post, he calmly awaited the gradual approach of the sable figure, which seemed to take no notice of his chal-

"He held him tightly grasped, regardless of the screams of agony which his nervous grasp extorted from the writhing demon."—*Page* 71.

lenge of "Who's there?" Advancing close to him, it held forth the three-pronged weapon, and in a fearful voice threatened him with instant death.

Conscious that he was engaged in the performance of his duty, the soldier was very little, if at all, alarmed. He coolly awaited the assault, parried the thrust of the dung-fork with his bayonet, and courageously seized his Satanic opponent. He held him tightly grasped, regardless of the screams of agony which his nervous gripe extorted from the writhing dæmon. Some of his comrades, who were at hand, soon hastened to the assistance of the brave grenadier, and having secured Old Hornie, dragged him away to the nearest guard-house.

Next morning he was conducted in his infernal accoutrements, escorted by an immense crowd, through the town to the main-guard.

Finding himself subjected to a rigorous military examination, the devil had the condescension to answer in the humblest tone every question that was proposed. It came out that he was no other man than the Catholic priest himself, before whose house the sentinel was posted. Annoyed by the incessant challenges of the latter, he imagined that a Protestant grenadier might be terrified as easily as the most superstitious of his own communion; but he was not so fortunate as to drive him from the vicinity of his habitation by the mask which he assumed.

The other ecclesiastics of the town were aware that their indiscreet colleague had, by his masquerade, not only cast a stigma on his profession, but grossly offended against the laws of war; they, therefore, with all humility solicited his release, and voluntarily offered to pay any fine that might be imposed.

Colonel Fouqué seized this opportunity of contributing

to the comfort of his grenadiers, who, like all the Prussian soldiers in those days, wore white gaiters, and after the arduous campaign which was just over had great need of new ones. He ordered a calculation to be made of the cost of new black gaiters for his whole battalion. It amounted to about one hundred ducats, which sum the Catholic clergy of the town cheerfully paid to atone for the misconduct of their colleague.

The unlucky representative of Old Nick was sent to a convent to expiate his indiscretion; and the grenadiers were supplied with black gaiters, which rendered them good service in their subsequent marches. They jocularly observed that they had to thank the devil of Kremair for their new leggings; and the king himself was so well pleased with the innovation of Colonel Fouqué, that he determined to furnish his whole army with black gaiters, instead of the white ones which had hitherto been universally worn.

THE GHOST OF COUNT WALKENRIED.

The young Count von Walkenried had, to the great satisfaction of his father, pursued his studies for some time with advantage at Göttingen, under the tuition of Mr. Winkelmann. He then set out on his travels for the farther improvement of his taste. Winkelmann, who accompanied him as his friend and adviser, was unfortunately taken ill at Strasburg, and there died, before they had been gone a month. For want of one to supply the place of him who had been, in the strictest sense of the word, his friend, the young Count resolved to pursue his travels alone. His father was equally shocked and surprised by the news of Winkelmann's sudden death. As, however, he knew his son to be very steady for years, he made no objection to his intention of travelling by himself. He wrote to him accordingly, repeating the paternal admonitions which he had given him at parting, and enclosing a letter to an eminent banker of Paris, with whom he had formerly been acquainted when he was ambassador to the court of France, and whom he regarded as his friend. In this epistle he requested the banker to advance his son as much money as he might require, and to furnish him with letters of recommendation when he should quit the French capital.

In order to remind the banker the more strongly of their former acquaintance, he transmitted in his packet a handsome gold snuff-box, with his portrait, which was a very

striking likeness. It had been painted many years before at Paris, in his younger days, and bore an extraordinary resemblance to his son. This box had been presented to him as a keepsake by the banker. He therefore imagined that he should gratify his old friend, by affording him a sight of this memento through the medium of his son, whose identity it would moreover serve to demonstrate.

The young Count, on his arrival at Paris, repaired to what is called an *hôtel garni*, till he should meet with more commodious lodgings. Besides several other foreigners, he there found two Englishmen, brothers, who had been his fellow-students at Göttingen. This accidental circumstance, as well as the extremely elegant dinners and suppers furnished at this house, and the society of many highly polished and intelligent Frenchmen who daily resorted thither, caused the Count to defer from time to time the execution of his intention of seeking another lodging.

One of the gentlemen whom the Count here met at dinner, and for whom his susceptible heart soon conceived a particular friendship, was the Baron de Vigny. Extraordinary talents and attainments, and the most amiable qualities, rendered this young man a delightful companion.

It was not long before the Count could not be happy without him, or he without the Count: hence they were called, by their other acquaintance and friends, the *Inseparable;* and this epithet would have been perfectly applicable in every respect, had not death, which heeds no attachment, but too soon parted them from one another.

In their daily convivial parties they were accustomed to push about the bottle very briskly; but at night, in particular, they exceeded all bounds. On these occasions

there was no want of the finest and strongest wines. The acquaintance of the French with the quality of their native productions enabled them to avoid the ill effects of this course of life, to which the German Count fell a victim. He had never been what is termed a boon companion, and nothing but the persuasions of the others, and a wish to make himself agreeable to the rest of the party, caused him so far to exceed his ordinary limits, as to induce an inflammatory fever which terminated in his death.

The Count, who had been in no want of money, and whose whole time at Paris had been occupied in pleasure and dissipation, had not even called on his father's old friend, the banker, to deliver the letter and to show him the snuff-box. His incoherent expressions during his delirium proved that this neglect lay heavy upon his mind in the last moments of his life.

The Baron de Vigny was too sincere a friend to avoid the sick-bed of the suffering Count, with whom, when in health, he had passed such happy days: during his illness, therefore, he visited him very often, and paid him the utmost attention. He laid, in particular, the strongest injunctions on the physicians who were called in, to neglect nothing that could tend to avert the danger of the disorder. He justly considered this attention as the most efficient, if not the only proof he could give of his attachment to the Count; but unfortunately these demonstrations of friendship, and all the skill of the physicians, could not save the patient, and he fell into that sleep from which none wakes.

The master of the *hôtel* sent for the *physicien de quartier* to inspect the deceased, and ascertain whether he was really dead. After the most careful examination, he assured him of the death of the Count, and gave

him the certificate which is required at Paris before a person can be interred. It is well known with what haste the remains of the deceased are usually committed to the earth in that city; and, agreeably to this practice, scarcely twenty-four hours after the Count had breathed his last, his body was borne away early in the morning and consigned to the grave.

The very next morning on which he was interred, the deceased Count called personally on the banker to execute his father's commission, which he had neglected to fulfil in his lifetime. In the same clothes which he had worn during the last days of his health at Paris, and attended by his trusty and disconsolate valet, the disembodied spirit of the deceased repaired, as Count von Walkenried, to the banker, to pay him his long-deferred introductory visit.

The banker had never seen the Count; but even if the latter had not mentioned his name, he would probably have recognised, in the spirit, at the first glance, the son of his old friend, so striking was his resemblance to his father. He received the ghost with all the politeness of a Parisian, and begged him to walk into the parlour. Here the spirit delivered to him his credentials, and his father's snuff-box, with the greatest solemnity, adding certain verbal communications which he had been instructed to make. The following dialogue ensued:—

Banker. There was no occasion, my dear M. le Comte, for so many certificates to convince me that you are the son of my old friend. Welcome, a thousand welcomes to you! Command every thing that is in my power: in particular any money you want shall be at your disposal.

Ghost (with a grave and dignified obeisance). I

thank you, sir, for your kind offers, and lament nothing more for my own sake, than that I cannot avail myself of them.

Banker. All the better, if your purse needs no assistance from me. You thus afford an excellent example, that a man may live up to his rank and yet be a good economist. I hope, however, to have the pleasure of serving you when you think of continuing your tour; but will you not do me the favour to take breakfast with me?

Ghost. I am exceedingly obliged to you, but I shall need nothing more in this world; for I died yesterday morning at Michel's *hôtel*, Rue St. Honoré, and was buried at three o'clock this morning.

Banker (shuffling back his chair). My dear Count, you must be joking!

Ghost. I am not joking, sir. Among other motives for intruding upon you, I have to beg you to send back to my father this box, which was a present from you, with a request that he will accept it a second time from the hands of his deceased son as a memorial of him.

Banker (with increased alarm). But, my dear M. le Comte, let me beg of you to recollect yourself. Here you are bodily with me. How then can you be dead?

Ghost (without deigning to answer the skeptic, proceeding where he was interrupted). Write to him also, that the disappointment of my ardent wish to see him once more in this world, to thank him for all his paternal kindness and affection, rendered my premature death particularly painful.

Banker (shuddering). But, my dear friend, is it possible that you can—

Ghost (depositing on the table two gold watches, a valuable diamond ring, and two hundred and fifty louis-

d'ors.) I have now no occasion for these earthly baubles, and I trust you will oblige me by transmitting these trifles also to my father.

At these words the banker looked fearfully round towards a side-door. He attempted to reply, but his tongue refused its office. His hair stood erect, and his heart beat as audibly as the two gold repeaters that lay on the table.

The spectre observed his agitation, and prepared to retire. "Pardon me," said he, "it was not my intention to frighten the friend of my father: but being dead, I had no alternative. The time is arrived when I must retire to my grave. Farewell."

So saying, the ghost quitted the room and vanished, leaving the banker more dead than alive. He rang for his servants that he might be again among the living, and knew not what to think or to say. At the sight, however, of the money and valuables left in his possession, he very justly considered that the adventure was much too serious to be a trick upon him; as nobody would think of throwing away several thousand livres for the gratification of seeing him frightened out of his wits for a moment. Neither would any one have ventured to palm false jewels on him who was so good a judge of those matters; for he was satisfied at the first glance that the ring was a genuine *solitaire* of great value. He had no need to hold the watches to his ear to hear that they went well. He took up the louis-d'ors singly; they were all real gold. He examined the box inside and outside; it was the very same with which he had presented the old Count. He compared the portrait on the box with the face of the son, which he had just beheld in the ghost; and with the exception of the hair and the dress, in the style of which, to *be sure, great* alterations had taken place, he now found

a most extraordinary resemblance between the father and the son.

In this dilemma the banker drove forthwith to the *hôtel* where his visitor informed him that he had lived. He had no doubt that Monsieur Michel, who kept it, would be able to throw some light on this otherwise inexplicable affair.

"My dear Monsieur Michel," said he, "do you know the original of the miniature on this snuff-box?"

M. Michel. Certainly I do. The young Count lived long enough in my house: there is not one of my lodgers and boarders but knew him.

Banker. The young mad Count von Walkenried.

M. Michel. Mad!—no, no—the late Count von Walkenried from Germany, who died here yesterday of an inflammatory fever, and who, according to our police regulations, was publicly buried early this morning.

Banker. Surely you must be joking! The same young Count whom this portrait, with the exception of the old-fashioned dress, so strongly resembles, was not half an hour ago in my house, and brought me money and valuables to the amount of many thousand livres.

Before he had finished what he meant to say, M. Michel started back in evident alarm, and the banker sunk fainting into a chair; for who should enter the room at that moment but the ghost himself! The latter was somewhat surprised and disconcerted on observing their terror. He intended that his part should finish when he quitted the house of the banker, hoping to reach the *hôtel* before the latter. He sincerely begged his pardon for the trick which he had played him, to which he was, in some respect, authorized by nature, and assured him that he was neither the deceased Count von Walkenried nor his spectre. Here follows the solution of the mystery.

The friend whom the Count had found in the Baron de Vigny was, as it has already been observed, a man of acute understanding and of a lively disposition. But, what was still more remarkable, they were so like each other in figure and physiognomy, that a third person could only distinguish by the voice and dress which of the two stood before him. The two friends took advantage of this freak of nature to lead their acquaintance of both sexes into many droll mistakes, by exchanging clothes and names with one another. But the most serious of these deceptions suggested itself to M. de Vigny, when his friend, on his death-bed, put into his hands his father's letter, with the snuff-box, purse, watches, and ring, and a verbal message, to be delivered to the banker. The reader knows how punctually this commission was executed. The Count's valet supplied him with a suit of clothes of his deceased master's, which M. de Vigny had put on to visit the banker, and which he meant to change immediately on his return. The banker had probably gone a shorter way, or the coachman who drove him had made greater haste, and thus he had reached the *hôtel* before the pretended ghost. M. Michel knew nothing of this disguise, and was, therefore, not a little terrified when he saw M. de Vigny, the very image of the deceased, enter the apartment in his clothes.

How many chances there were, that, in so large a city as Paris, this deception should have passed undiscovered! What an argument it would then have afforded in favour of the belief in apparitions! It cannot be too often repeated, that circumstances the most mysterious and unaccountable should not be pronounced supernatural and miraculous, because their natural causes happen to be concealed from our knowledge.

EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION OF A GHOST.

The circumstances recorded in the following narrative are stated to have really happened. They are of so horrible a stamp that, for the honour of human nature, every reader must wish them to be fictitious. They are given in the form of a letter, the name of the writer of which is indicated only by the initial.

Yesterday—thus wrote M. de M . . . . to one of his friends,—yesterday, the pretty Mademoiselle Vildac was married to the amiable Saintville. As a neighbour, I was invited to the festivities given on the occasion. But the merriment of the day was succeeded, as far as I was concerned, by a night of such horror as my pen can but faintly describe.

You know old Vildac, whose unlucky physiognomy was always so repulsive to us, and whom we were in consequence afraid to trust. I watched him narrowly yesterday, and fully expected that the joyous occasion of the marriage of his only daughter would relax his morose muscles, and plant a smile of satisfaction on his scowling visage. I was mistaken. Instead of taking a paternal interest in the tender emotion of his child, and the rapture of his son-in-law, he seemed, on the contrary, to be displeased with the joy expressed in our faces; and this unnatural father had wellnigh spoiled, by his detestable temper, all the pleasures of the day both for his children and his guests.

When bed-time arrived, I was shown, for want of a more commodious lodging, into a room in the great tower of the castle. Scarcely had I closed my eyes before I was roused by a dull noise, as I thought, over-head. I listened, and distinctly heard the rattling of chains and the sound of footsteps slowly descending the stairs. All at once my door flew open; a spectre entered, dragging along the chains, which clanked frightfully, went up to the fire-place, stirred the fire, and pushed together some half-extinguished brands. A hollow voice pronounced the words "'Tis a long time since I warmed myself!"

I confess, my friend,—for why should I deny it?—that I was thrilled with horror. I seized my sword to defend myself in case of emergency, and softly drew aside the curtains of the bed. By the glimmer of the fire, I perceived the emaciated figure of what appeared to be a venerable old man, half naked, with bald head and a snow-white beard. He was holding his hands, shivering with cold, to the fire. I was deeply moved. While I was thus surveying him, a flame now and then flickered from the embers. He looked thoughtfully towards the door by which he had entered, and then fixed his eyes steadfastly on the floor. He seemed to be absorbed in the profoundest grief, and traces of long misery were deeply imprinted upon his furrowed face.

In a few minutes he sunk, as if involuntarily, on his tottering knees. He seemed to pray. The only words I could understand were: "O God! O God! how just are thy judgments!" I now purposely made some noise with my curtains.

"Is anybody here?" asked he; "is anybody in this bed?" "Yes," said I, completely undrawing my curtains; "but who are you, old man?" He sighed, and

"He seemed to be absorbed in the profoundest grief, and traces of misery were deeply imprinted on his furrowed face."—*Page* 82.

motioned with his hand, as if to signify that he was unable to speak for weeping. At length he became rather more composed. "I am the most wretched creature on the face of the earth," said he: "I ought, perhaps, to tell you no more; but it is so many years since I have beheld human beings, that joy at the sight of one of my fellow-creatures hurries me away in spite of myself. Take compassion on me: my sufferings will perhaps seem less severe, when I have related them to you."

The terror which I had at first experienced now gave place to pity. I put on my morning-gown, and took a seat beside him. He seemed affected by this proof of my confidence, seized my hand, and bedewed it with his tears. "Good man," said he, "first satisfy my curiosity, and tell me why you have to-night taken up your abode in this odious apartment, which is usually unoccupied? What was that extraordinary rattling of carriages which I heard this morning about the castle? Something out of the common course must have happened here."

I told him that the bustle had been occasioned by the nuptials of Mademoiselle de Vildac. "What!" said he, raising his hands, "has Vildac a daughter? and is she married? May the God of Heaven bless her, and keep her heart pure—pure from the guilt of her progenitors! . . . . . I am . . Vildac, . . the grandfather of the young lady. . . I have a monster of a son—but no; I, his father, must not accuse him—I have no right to do so."

You may easily conceive, my friend, that my astonishment at this confession was unbounded. I knew that the father of our Vildac had died and was buried twenty years ago, and now he suddenly appeared before me at midnight. I sprang from my seat, receded a few steps,

fixed my eyes steadfastly on the spectre, and attempted to speak, but could not.

The question, "Old man, are you really living, or are you a spectre?" quivered on my tongue, but I could not give it utterance. He read it, no doubt, in my looks. "It is not a spectre," said he, "that you see before you, but a man who has been entombed alive. By the God of Heaven, I am the living dead grandfather of the bride whose nuptials you have been celebrating. The base cupidity of my cruel son, and the hardness of his heart, which never knew the soft emotions of love and friendship, rendered him insensible to the voice of nature. He put me in chains, that he might seize my possessions. He had one day visited a neighbouring gentleman, whose father was recently dead: he found him among his tenants, receiving their rents and renewing their leases. This sight Vildac devoured with greedy eye; and it made the most baleful impression upon his heart, which had long cherished a wish to be master of the paternal estate. He now became more sullen and gloomy than ever. In about a fortnight, three men in masks burst one night into my chamber, and dragged me half naked to this tower. How Vildac could give out that I was dead, I cannot tell; but, from the tolling of bells, and the sound of funeral hymns, I inferred that it was my own obsequies they were performing. This idea filled my soul with mortal anguish. I solicited, as the greatest of favours, permission to speak to Vildac, but in vain. Those who, for these twenty years, have brought me bread and water to prolong my wretched life, probably consider me as a criminal who is condemned to die in this tower. This morning I took notice that the man who brought my allowance neglected to fasten the door

securely. I waited anxiously for night, that I might avail myself of his carelessness. I must not escape; but the liberty of going a few steps farther than usual is a great treat to the inmate of a dungeon."

When I had somewhat recovered from my astonishment, my first thought was to release the unfortunate man from this horrid confinement. "In me," said I to him, "the Almighty has sent you a deliverer. All are now fast asleep in the castle; follow me. I will be your defender, your guide, your avenger." Instead of replying, he fell into a profound reverie. "My long separation from all human society," he at length began, as if awakening from a dream, "has produced a total revolution in my sentiments and ideas. Every thing depends on imagination. I am now familiarized with all that renders my situation severe and terrible: why should I exchange it for any other. The die is cast: I will terminate my wretched career in this tower."

This melancholy meditation, this contempt of liberty, this most unexpected language, combined with other expressions, caused me to suspect some deeply-hidden secret, and yet I knew not how to reconcile all these things. In short, the whole affair was to me quite incomprehensible. The old man, however, diminished my astonishment, when he thus proceeded:—"In regard to the few days that I have yet to live, liberty has no charms for me. If my son is an atrocious villain, his innocent daughter has never done me any harm. Shall I pursue her into the arms of her husband with the disgrace of her family? No; rather would I press her to my heart and bedew her with my tears. But never, never must I, shall I behold her! Farewell! The day begins to dawn. I must return to my tomb."

I opposed his intention, and declared that I would not suffer him to go. "Oppression," said I, "has only impaired the faculties of your soul; but I will rouse your torpid spirits. Let us not now consider whether you ought to make yourself known; it will be time enough for that by-and-by. The first thing to be done is to quit this place of horror. My *château*, my influence, and my purse, are at your service. If you desire it, not a creature shall know who you are, and Vildac's crime shall remain an inviolable secret. Can you now have any objection?"

"I am thankful for your kindness; would to God I could avail myself of it! But I cannot, must not go."

"Well, then, stay here; but I will acquaint the governor of the province with your melancholy situation, and we will then release you by force from the tyranny of your unnatural son."

"For Heaven's sake, make not an improper use of my horrid secret. Leave a monster like me to perish here! I am unworthy of the liberty you offer. I have to atone for the most execrable, the most unnatural deed that villain ever perpetrated. Look here: with horror this accursed hand points to it;—look at the stains of blood. It is the blood of my father, murdered by me—me, infernal monster!—that I might obtain the earlier possession of the paternal inheritance. Ha! the image of my expiring parent still haunts me. See, his blood-stained arms are still affectionately extended to snatch me from the brink of hell—now, now, they drop! O father, father! thy avenger is despair!"

During this rhapsody, the old man sunk on the floor, and tore the few silvery hairs that time had left on his aged head. His convulsions were frightful; he did not venture to look me in the face—while I, for my part, was

absolutely petrified. After a pause of horror not to be described, we heard something stirring; it began also to be light. The old man, as if exhausted by the vehemence of his emotions, rose slowly from the floor. "You are filled with just abhorrence of me," said he. "Farewell! forget, if you can, that you have ever seen me. I shall now return to my tomb, and I vow never to quit it more."

I was utterly incapable of replying, or of moving from the spot. The castle, and every object in it, now excited a horror that I could not conquer; I left it very early in the morning, and am at this moment preparing to set out for another of my estates. I hope to God that I shall never more behold the avenging instrument employed by Providence, nor can I even bear to reside in his neighbourhood.

THE VILLAGE APPARITION.

A TRUE STORY.

The minister of a small village in Germany had been six weeks in possession of his new parsonage. He had duly visited his new neighbours; the domestic arrangements were completed; and his accounts with the widow of his predecessor were finally adjusted. Pleased at the termination of this important business, which, owing to the integrity of both parties, had been transacted without the intervention of lawyers, the pastor left his study, delivered the parcel containing the balance which he had yet to pay, to be forwarded to the widow, and then seated himself under the lime-trees which overhung the entrance of his habitation. Here he was soon joined by his affectionate wife; they entered into conversation on the cheering prospect which promised them a decent provision, and the approach of those parental joys which they had not yet tasted.

A country blooming as a garden was extended before them. After a long succession of sultry days, a storm about noon had cooled the atmosphere. All nature had assumed a fresher appearance; the flowers were attired in gayer colours, and exhaled more fragrant perfumes; the soft breeze wantoned about the glowing cheek of the husbandman, who, summoned by the evening bell, slowly returned with his implements to the peaceful cots of his village.

"Dear Dorothy," said the pastor, when his wife rose

to make preparations for supper, "the heat from the past sultry weather is still very perceptible in the house. Suppose we take our supper this evening here under the lime-trees? We shall thus have an opportunity of airing the house thoroughly, and shall enjoy the beauty of the evening an hour longer in the open air."

"You take the word out of my mouth," replied his wife. "The evening, indeed, is too fine, and we shall certainly relish the pigeons, which are at the fire, and a nice sallad, as well again here as in the close rooms."

No sooner said than done. With cheerful industry Dorothy hastened to the kitchen; the pastor fetched the table and chairs, laid the cloth, and even brought a bottle of wine out of the cellar. According to his general custom, this indulgence was reserved for Sundays or particular occasions; but this day, when, as the reader has been informed, he had so happily terminated the business of settling his accounts, seemed to him worthy of being made an exception: it was an important day for him, as it was not till now that he felt himself completely installed in his office and habitation. Dorothy soon made her appearance with the pigeons, and she, with her husband and his sister, who had followed them to lend her assistance in removing, and in their new domestic arrangements, sat down to the rural repast. It was seasoned by cheerful conversation and innocent mirth, whilst a late nightingale charmed their ears with his strains, and the worthy pastor quaffed the generous beverage out of a goblet on which, as an heir-loom of his grandfather's, he set a particular value, till the joyous tone of his mind was plainly expressed in his countenance. Thus the night stole upon them almost without their perceiving its approach. Dorothy was going to fetch a candle, but

her husband detained her. "The evening, to be sure, is still fine," said he, "but the air grows cooler. You know, Dorothy, that you must take care of yourself. As soon as I have finished this glass, we will all go in together." Scarcely had the pastor finished speaking—scarcely had Dorothy taken her seat again, when all at once both the females started up with shrieks of terror. The pastor looked about, and to his utter astonishment an apparition stood beside him.

It was a tall, elegant figure. The face, of exquisite beauty, seemed tinged with the roseate glow of evening; a rose-bud decorated its hair, which flowed in charming ringlets over a neck of snowy whiteness; a robe of azure blue, studded with stars of gold, covered its form; an effulgence resembling sunbeams encircled the angelic vision, which, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, seemed to invite the pastor to follow it.

The two ladies, as the reader has been already informed, had flown from their seats. The divine, attracted by the enchanting appearance of the phantom, rose and followed it. His wife and sister would have detained him, but he disengaged himself. When, however, the figure, moving on before him, directed its course towards the churchyard, his wife once more went up to him, clasped him in her arms, and entreated him with such earnestness and alarm to proceed no farther, that, in consideration of her state, he desisted from his intention. He turned back with her, promising not to follow the apparition; but he could not help asking, over and over again, how she could be afraid of a being, which, so far from having any thing terrifying about it, rather looked like an angel from heaven, whose invitations could only be designed for some good purpose. Both stopped before

"The ladies started with affright from their seats, but the pastor, a courageous man, followed the apparit on."—*Page* 90.

the house-door, and watched the spirit, which proceeded to the wall of the churchyard, rose to the top of it, and disappeared.

The consequences of this adventure were, however, far from agreeable to the worthy pastor. The report of it was soon spread with various additions over the whole country; the minister acquired the character of a visionary, and the neighbouring clergy, at the mention of his name, would turn up their noses, significantly shrug their shoulders, and talk a great deal about Swedenborg, Schröpfer, and Co.; nay, there were persons ill-natured enough to express their conviction, that the phantom was created by the wine alone. The superintendent himself, who came a few weeks afterwards to introduce the pastor to his new congregation, when the other guests had retired after the dinner given on the occasion, began to make very circumstantial inquiries concerning the health of his host. "You are a man," continued he, "who are fond of the sciences, who have little domestic occupation, and, on account of the sequestered situation of the place, cannot expect much society. Under these circumstances, I am afraid that you will stick too closely to your books and your writing-table, neglect that exercise which is so essentially necessary, and thus lay the foundation of those numberless complaints, which sooner or later are the attendants of hypochondria. Let me persuade you to avoid this, my dear colleague. Rather take abundance of exercise, and consider your studies as a medium of conveying aliment to your mind and assuaging your thirst of knowledge, but which should by no means be purchased at the expense of your health and cheerfulness."

"I can assure your reverence," replied the pastor, "that I have nothing to fear from the attacks of melan-

choly. I delight in rambling abroad to enjoy the beauties of Nature, and the charming environs of this place present irresistible inducements to me to gratify this inclination. I am likewise very fond of gardening, with which I amuse myself several hours a-day. I sleep well, and my digestion is good. I have a flow of spirits that very rarely fails me, and I cultivate the sciences in such a manner that they rather afford me matter for recreation, and consequently for pleasure, than for gloomy meditations."

"Ah! yes," rejoined the superintendent, "this is always the language of you gentlemen; but such diseased persons are in the most dangerous way as fancy that they ail nothing. Beware, my dear friend, and let me recommend to you plenty of exercise and a due proportion of medicine."

Our clergyman now began to imagine, that there must be some particular reason for these exhortations. After pausing for some time, he thus addressed his visitor:—"I am infinitely obliged to your reverence for the interest you take in my health; but it appears to me that you must have some particular motive for your well-meant advice, and therefore earnestly entreat you to favour me with an explanation."

"Well, then," answered the superintendent, "if you wish to know the real truth, I will tell you: I am informed you believe in the appearance of spirits. I have received such positive assurances of this fact, and from such respectable sources, that I cannot have any doubt on the subject. I have far too good an opinion of your understanding to seek the reason of it there, and must, of course, attribute it to some of those obstructions which at times operate so powerfully on the imaginations of persons possessing the strongest minds."

The matter was now perfectly clear to our divine. He perceived that the report of the apparition had reached the metropolis, and had occasioned the marked behaviour of the superintendent, but from which business had before prevented him from paying so much attention as he had done on this day. He therefore related to him the whole affair with the utmost fidelity and simplicity, and added,—"It could not be an optical deception; for whence could it have proceeded in a lonely village, so far from any high road? Neither could it have been any delusion of the senses; for the figure was not only seen at the same moment, and watched till its disappearance, by himself, but likewise by my wife, my sister, neighbour A.'s man, and neighbour B.'s maid, who all give the same description of it. What it was, or what it meant, whence it came, or whither it went, I know not, and I can do no more than repeat Hamlet's common-place observation, so often quoted on similar occasions:—'There are many things between heaven and earth which were never dreamt of by our philosophy.'"

The superintendent smiled, shook his head, and said no more; but next morning, as he mounted his chaise, he could not forbear calling once more to the pastor—"Remember the conversation we had yesterday, and my good advice. Plenty of exercise," &c. &c. The pastor bowed with a smile, which expired on his lips, as if suddenly checked by a sharp twitch of the toothache.

One day, in the summer of 17—, a stranger came to me, and delivered a letter from the lady of General M., who informed me in it, that "the bearer, Mr. S***, was an artist of great skill in optical deceptions, and who, in several exhibitions at H., had given great satisfaction to the public. As he intended to exhibit the same at C.,

she should consider herself obliged if I would endeavour to promote the views of Mr. S., whom she was particularly anxious to serve." Mr. S., who was a man of considerable talents and prepossessing manners, soon found means to interest me in his favour, and I prevailed upon my father to allow him the use of a large empty apartment in the mansion in which we resided. As this apartment was upon the same floor with my room, I could not help having almost hourly occasions of seeing and speaking to the artist whilst employed in making his various arrangements. Sometimes he explained to me this or that part of his apparatus; at others he entertained me with an account of his travels, his residence in the principal cities of Germany, and his various adventures. Thus, among other things, he related to me what follows:—

"In one of my journeys from Dresden to Frankfurt, I took it into my head to visit the beautiful valley of A. I therefore turned off from the high road, but about noon was overtaken by a storm, and obliged to stop at a village, because my automata had got wet under the canvas which covered my carriage. Whilst I was drying them, I availed myself of the opportunity to clean my mirrors, and was just going to pack up my apparatus again, when my wife pointed out to me a party, consisting, as I afterwards learned, of the minister of the place and two females, who were supping under the shade of the lime-trees before the door of the parsonage. In a fit of playful humour, she persuaded me to dish up an apparition, as a dessert for the company; and, as the parsonage was exactly opposite to my room on the ground floor of the inn, and only at a moderate distance, as the windows were low, and the party remained till late, I could not have had a better opportunity for complying with the

wish of my frolicsome wife. I directed my mirror, and sent over a figure which I intended them to see. The ladies started with affright from their seats, but the pastor, a courageous man, followed the apparition, till one of the ladies, probably his wife, pulled him back, and I made the figure disappear at the wall of the churchyard. This event raised a great noise in the village. As I had entered the inn-yard by the back way, I had been noticed by but few persons; on account of my puppets, I had kept my door locked; there were no children in the house, and at the time the apparition was seen, my host and his people, who took me for a dealer in toys, were engaged in housing a wagon-load of hay which had come in very late. I had therefore plenty of time to remove my apparatus, and thus to obviate all suspicion of my having any hand in the affair. The apparition was regarded as supernatural, and several of the inhabitants who talked over the subject, under my window, were of opinion, that it was a token of a death that would speedily happen at the parsonage, not only because the apparition had directed its course from that place to the churchyard, but also because the pastor's wife was, for the first time, in the family way.

"I know not how it happened," continued Mr. S., "that I purposely left these people in their error. I well knew how to appreciate the moral object of such phantasmagoric exhibitions; namely, to form delusive figures by the aid of optics, and by explaining the natural means employed for the purpose, to destroy the belief in supernatural appearances: I knew, moreover, that no man can calculate the consequences of an action, and it was therefore doubly my duty to clear up the matter as soon as the danger of my deception was exhibited in pretty strong

colours by those superstitious expressions. Notwithstanding all this, I left the people in their absurd notions; and the mischief which I may have then occasioned still sometimes lies heavy upon my heart."

"As for this cause of uneasiness," I replied, "I am glad to have it in my power to relieve you from it. The family of the pastor of A. still enjoys good health; instead of having diminished, it has been increased by three robust, hearty boys; and the character of a visionary, which he acquired, may now be done away by the very natural explanation of this occurrence. At the same time it may serve to convince him and his colleagues, that it is extremely silly to maintain, because we cannot account for any particular circumstance, that it must necessarily be inexplicable."

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Baron de Bretiole, a colonel in the Danish service, was ordered by the king to proceed with all possible despatch, on a secret mission to the fortress of Rendsborg. He set off without delay to execute the commands of his Majesty, attended by one of his most trusty servants. Unaccustomed in such cases to heed any inconvenience, he disregarded fogs and darkness, tempests and rain. On this occasion, however, he was obliged to yield to circumstances. A tremendous storm, profound darkness, and the badness of the road, compelled him reluctantly to stop at a small village. At this place there was no inn, but only a pot-house, where nothing either to eat or drink was to be had, and where the very sight of the bed was sufficient to take away drowsiness. Bretiole, as a soldier, had long since learned, in case of emergency, to make shift with a bundle of straw for his couch; but fasting was a thing to which he could not so easily reconcile himself.

"Is there no gentleman's house in this village?" asked he.—"No:" was the reply.—"No parsonage either?"—"Oh, yes.—"Are you on good terms with the parson?"—"Yes: he is a very worthy, excellent man."—"John, go to the parsonage, and inquire if we can have a lodging there to-night." The clergyman, a man of hospitable disposition, and not without breeding, cheerfully promised to accommodate him, and the colonel would have

been equally welcome, even though he had not been a favourite of the king's, and travelling on a special commission. His host seasoned the simple repast prepared in haste with agreeable conversation, and the colonel ordered one bottle after the other of the wine that he had brought with him to be fetched out.

The conversation turned, among other things, on the ancient castle situated in the village. Throughout the whole country, far and wide, it had the character of being haunted by blood-thirsty spirits. Not a creature passed it without feeling a secret horror, and ejaculating a prayer. Bretiole, who never believed in real ghosts, but had long wished for a rencounter with reputed spectres, resolved to avail himself of this first opportunity that occurred for gratifying his curiosity, and therefore requested the ecclesiastic to permit him to sleep in the castle.

His host entreated him, for Heaven's sake, to relinquish his design. "I have no doubt," said he, "that you are superior to the popular notions concerning apparitions; but consider, colonel, that your temerity will infallibly cost you your life. You are not the first man of courage whose melancholy fate we have had occasion to deplore. Of all those who have hitherto ventured to pass the night in this fatal castle, there is no one but has been carried away by the evil spirits, either natural or supernatural. Why will you wantonly expose yourself to dangers which even the bravest and stoutest heart, owing to the inequality of the contest, cannot hope to surmount?"

The colonel, nevertheless, adhered to his resolution, trusting to the approved excellence of his pistols. "As I am travelling on his Majesty's business," thought he, "I may certainly venture to show any spirit that approaches too near me how well I can hit my mark."

The worthy divine, whose eloquence was incapable of shaking his determination, parted from him with evident emotion, persuaded that he should never more behold him alive. "God be with you!" emphatically cried he, more than once. Bretiole, on the other hand, hastened with youthful impatience to the castle: he carried the lantern himself, while his servant and the parson's man followed with bed and bedding.

Close to the entrance into the deserted castle, of which owls and mice seemed to be the only tenants, there was on the right a staircase which conducted into the great hall on the first floor. This hall had two doors leading into two contiguous rooms, one of which, being that nearest to the staircase, the colonel selected for his bed-chamber. He ordered two candles to be lighted, and, by way of precaution, had the lantern also placed near his bed. The parson's man was overwhelmed with fright; cold perspiration covered his brow, and he trembled in every joint. He earnestly entreated that the colonel's servant might accompany him with the lantern to the outer door of the castle, or he should certainly die. The colonel himself went with him, and then, having carefully charged his pistols, and laying his drawn sword by his side, he retired to bed without undressing.

About eleven o'clock he was roused by a tremendous noise. It was as though a regiment of hussars was entering the castle on horseback and marching upstairs, trailing their clattering sabres after them. None but the most determined slanderer could have charged the colonel with cowardice; but he acknowledged, himself, that at this moment he felt a sensation more unpleasant than he had ever before experienced. It seemed as if some one was pouring a bucket of cold water over him; his hair

began to stand on end, and he trembled all over. The appalling din lasted for some time, and gradually approached his chamber.

Seizing his sword with his right hand, and a pistol with his left, the colonel boldly awaited the assault. All at once, the door flew open as if by enchantment. At the terrific appearance of the spectre which entered, Bretiole's nerveless hands dropped the sword and pistol; for, to his inexpressible horror and astonishment, the moment the hideous apparition met his sight both candles were extinguished, but by what means he was utterly at a loss to conceive. The figure had fiery eyes, roared like an enraged lion, and rattled glowing chains. An infernal uproar now commenced over head: it seemed as if a hundred cannon-balls were rolling to and fro. Presently was heard a dismal howling and mewing, as though from a thousand dogs and cats; and the neighing of horses swelled the hellish concert. All at once there was a stunning report resembling that of a twenty-four pounder. This was succeeded by the harmonious chime of bells, and, last of all, was heard a piercing shout of *Victory!* A death-like silence ensued.

The colonel lay like one inanimate. The spectre thumped him and his servant unmercifully, and beat them both with chains. It retired, and descended the stairs with a prodigious clatter. The colonel, who had been only taken by surprise, and who was not deficient either in presence of mind or firmness, soon recovered himself. "If this spectre be a man," thought he to himself, "he must certainly have protected his body against steel and bullets; but if it be a spirit, neither sword nor pistol will be able to make any impression upon it. Should the ghastly figure return, I will muster courage and softly follow

"At the report, four sturdy fellows approached him with lights."—*Page* 101.

it as it retires." In this design he so confirmed himself, that he was resolutely bent on executing it, let the consequences be what they might.

In about an hour the goblin again came up stairs with as frightful a noise as before. Bretiole, whose heart was in the right place, was not to be driven from his purpose. He patiently submitted to the discipline which the hideous being again bestowed on him and his servant. At length it rushed out at the door with the same clattering and clanking noise which accompanied its entrance.

The colonel, true to his purpose, involuntarily grasped a pistol and cautiously pursued the spectre. Seemingly aware of his intention, it retired with its face towards him, so that its fiery eyes served him instead of a lantern. The flaming spectre suddenly disappeared: all around was now dark as pitch, and Bretiole was obliged to pause. He had previously imagined that he could hear that the spectre was preceded by several persons, the sounds of whom suddenly ceased before he lost sight of the figure. At the same time he heard his servant above, shrieking and howling in the most lamentable manner.

Hundreds, had they been in the place of our hero, would long ere this have been heartily sick of the nocturnal adventure, and after the first departure of the spectre would have quitted the haunted castle for ever. Bretiole, however, was not yet daunted. Without farther consideration he formed the desperate resolution of pursuing his way along the dark passage till he should reach the end of it. Scarcely had he proceeded a few paces, when down he sunk into an abyss. At the bottom of it he fortunately found himself on a heap of hay and straw. In the fall he had involuntarily pulled the trigger of his pistol, which was cocked, and fired. At the report, four

vehement discussion, but the majority were not only for sparing the colonel's life, but also for setting him at liberty, on his giving his word of honour; and their opinion ultimately prevailed. Bretiole awaited the final result of this long consultation in his prison. As a man, he could not hear this decision of his fate from the lips of the subterraneous president without evident demonstrations of the greatest joy.

He was now dismissed in the politest manner. Two of the attendants accompanied him to the passage through which he had come in the dark, and conducted him by a secret door to the staircase where he had commenced his pursuit of the spectre. The colonel thanked Heaven that he had got off with a whole skin, and hastened to his servant, whom he found half dead with fright on his bed. The sight of his master revived the faithful fellow like a cordial; and both hastened from the den of murderers to the parsonage. The clergyman had been unable to sleep a wink for anxiety, and he was transported with delight, when, contrary to his expectations, he beheld the colonel in his house again alive.

Some years after this event, Bretiole, who had meanwhile been appointed privy-councillor, was residing on his estate in Jutland. He was just entertaining a party of the neighbouring gentry, when a servant entered and informed him that a groom, with three led horses, desired particularly to speak to him. Bretiole went out, and the groom delivered to him a letter, saying, that it was a present from some gentlemen of his acquaintance. Putting the bridles of two exquisitely beautiful chestnut horses into the hand of his attendant, the groom darted away with the other like a bird. The letter, which enclosed

a finely executed gold medal of the value of twenty ducats, contained the following passage:

"The subterraneous society which you once fell in with is dissolved, and therefore releases you from your promise and oath. It admires your silence, for which it is desirous of expressing to you its acknowledgments. The enclosed medal will enable you to guess its object, and though you know none of its members, either by name or rank, still they cannot deny themselves the pleasure of presenting to you the two horses sent herewith as a token of their esteem."

With a lightened heart Bretiole related to his guests the whole adventure, and all did him the justice to declare that the pranks of these coiners were so artfully devised, and so cleverly executed, that every one of them in his place would, in his first fright, have been convinced that he had seen a real spectre.

THE GREEN MANTLE OF VENICE.

A TRUE STORY.

The counting-house of Mr. Mellinger was haunted: of that fact, Tobias, the old man-servant, entertained no doubt, and often told Rosina, the housekeeper, though under the strictest injunction of the most sacred silence, that in the middle of the night he heard noises in it; that the great ledgers were opened and shut; that the ghost went about slipshod, and that he could frequently distinguish the jingling of money.

The house had been a nunnery; the first floor was occupied by Mr. Mellinger, who had fitted it up at considerable expense; his business was confined to the ground-floor, and the exterior and all the rest were left in their original state; partly from motives of economy, and partly because his only daughter, Emmeline, who found in it something romantic, had petitioned that the solemn gloom of the antiquated cloisters might remain inviolate. Her good taste had preserved the dark cells, and the whole arrangement of this portion of the building proclaimed the young and lovely owner a little visionary;—not that she affected to be thought so, for there could not be a more natural character than that of Emmeline. Her education had been one of the utmost artlessness, and, ignorant of the real world, no wonder if her glowing fancy created one of its own. She had lost her mother at an early age, and her father was so occupied with his two

millions of dollars, that it was impossible for him to attend much even to his only child. He had left her to the care of the Ursulines; and thus, in a life of the utmost retirement and tranquillity, she reached her eighteenth year. She had learned all that became her age and station, and so perfect was the holy innocence of her heart, that it would have cost her very little to devote herself for ever to a cloister.

Mr. Mellinger had an old housekeeper, whom repeated acts of gross dishonesty obliged him to discharge; in her stead he engaged Rosina, a young woman of excellent character, and fetched his daughter from the convent to place her at the head of his domestic affairs. The report of her beauty soon spread far and wide. As yet Mr. Mellinger had entertained no company; but now aunts, cousins, uncles, and relations from all parts of the city, endeavoured to gain a sight of her; for they thought that the young lady with a fortune of two millions of dollars would be no bad match for some member of their families, either old or young. She was invited to dinners, suppers, balls, and concerts: her father could no longer resist their importunities, and Emmeline at once emerged from her monastic retirement into what is called the world; but gay feasts, splendid entertainments, and the homage which, in a thousand forms, was paid to her charms, made not the slightest impression on her mind, or change in her nature. She knew not that she was either rich or beautiful. Her father, however, was well aware of the objects they had in view—it did not escape him that the heavenly maiden and the godlike gold were what they sought: it required but little penetration to see through their designs, and with great skill he contrived to keep them at a distance without giving offence. At

night, after returning from a party, it was his custom to pass all the company in review before his daughter; and so skilful was he in the art of ridicule, that there was scarcely a hair of their heads that was not pulled to pieces. So agreeable was his talent in this way, that Emmeline took more pleasure in listening to his criticisms, than in the conversation and amusements of the company itself. She had often heard that her father was a man of the most acute penetration, and that he had no equal in the knowledge of mankind: when, therefore, she again saw those of whom he had spoken, she recognised the truth of all his observations. Half a year had scarcely passed, when Emmeline laughed at everybody; consequently, all who were not absolute devotees to her charms or her fortune drew back, while the car of her triumph was followed only by silly wights, to whose sighs she would not condescend to listen, but who nevertheless incessantly assailed her with amorous effusions in prose and verse.

In proportion as she had been admired before, people now began to cool in her praise. The first stone was cast by daughters and mothers, among whom her beautiful face, her large expressive eyes, her noble carriage, her glittering jewels, the eternal variety of her apparel, made a thousand enemies. But still more bitter even than these were the suitors whose devotions had been despised, and whose vows she had rejected. Yet Emmeline was ignorant of the cause of this alteration: the mothers were still courteous, the daughters civil, and the sons flattering; but she missed the hearty, open, and sincere attachment which she had found among the honest, affectionate Ursulines in the days of her youth. Within the walls that separated her from the world, no one en-

vied her, no one was ridiculed by her; there she possessed the love of all, and nowhere else did she feel happy but there and in her solitary chamber. This was exactly what Mr. Mellinger wished: his plan completely succeeded. She became weary of the tedious intercourse of heartless crowds, and returned to her housekeeping, her books, her instruments, and her flowers.

The father was not at a loss for a son-in-law. He had been connected for many years with the wealthy Venetian merchant, Sponseri, whose only son, equal in fortune to Emmeline, having been bred to business under his father, was now about to enter a foreign counting-house. Old Sponseri, who had a speculative head, well knew the good circumstances of Mr. Mellinger: he knew, too, that he had an only daughter, whose age corresponded with that of his son; that his widely-extended trade was an instructive school for a young merchant; and that Mr. Mellinger had already sent into the world some very apt scholars. He therefore made the proposal that his son should serve in Mr. Mellinger's counting-house for a few years without salary; and it was accepted the more willingly, not only because he should thus save the expense of a clerk, but in the hope that young Sponseri and his daughter Emmeline might in time form a matrimonial connection, and thus a business be established with a capital of not less than four millions. He therefore dismissed one of his clerks on the receipt of intelligence from Venice, that young Sponseri would in a short time have the honour to wait upon him in person.

"Man proposes, but God disposes;" and in this instance it was ordered that the fathers should be disappointed in their project.

Thus matters stood at the time when Rosina imparted

to Emmeline the intelligence which she had received from old Tobias under a promise of the strictest secrecy, regarding the strange noises he had heard in the counting-house. Emmeline listened to her with great attention: in spite of her cultivated understanding, many superstitious notions of supernatural things still clung to her, owing to her monastic education; and she could not overcome a certain anxiety produced by Rosina's story. On reflection, she considered whether it was not possible that some imposition might thus be attempted. The counting-house had originally been the oratory of the abbess: it adjoined the church, which was still used for public worship, and was separated from it only by an iron door, furnished with three stout bolts and locks.

One of the bolts and two of the locks could be opened from the counting-house, and the others from the church: if, therefore, any of the servants had an understanding with the sexton, nothing would be easier than to enter the counting-house, and to do just as they pleased. The doorway should have been bricked up long ago, but it had not been agreed, when Mr. Mellinger bought the nunnery, who should defray the expense: it had therefore remained *in statu quo*, as Mr. Mellinger would not lay out a shilling more than he could help.

Emmeline had promised Rosina not to mention a word about the supposed ghost to any person whatever; but she now considered it her duty to communicate the matter to her father, that he might investigate it more minutely. Her father laughed at her, as well he might, for it was he himself, who, after midnight, had been heard slipshod in the counting-house. There was a secret staircase, known to no one else, from his chamber, formerly occupied by the abbess, into the old chapel, now converted into a

counting-house. In the niche in the counting-house was a kneeling figure of the patroness of the convent, St. Clara, with her hands crossed upon her breast, and this niche was the secret door of the staircase. Rich people seldom sleep soundly, and Mr. Mellinger formed no exception to the rule: at dead of night, therefore, he not unfrequently stole into his counting-house, to look over his books, and count his cash, and to see that none of his clerks had been negligent or dishonest. However, he gave no explanation on the subject to Emmeline, and satisfied her as to his laughter, by the assurance that old Tobias must have been dreaming. He never anticipated that the very next night his sentiments on this subject would be totally changed.

Four weeks had now elapsed since the arrangement had been made respecting young Sponseri. Mr. Mellinger began, from the delay, to apprehend that something had happened to him: and that very afternoon he had written to the father, to acquaint him with his fears. At night he could not sleep, and as usual went down into his counting-house, and was turning over his books and papers, when the iron cross that had served for a knocker to the door ever since the time when the building was a nunnery, gave three such thundering raps, which reverberated through the lofty vaulted apartments, that old Tobias sprung out of bed, and verily believed that it could be none but the devil himself who made such a disturbance. He hastened with all possible speed to the house-door, opened it, and holding up a lantern, would have cried out with a loud voice, "Who is there?" but that a death-pale figure, enveloped in a green mantle, stared him in the face, and the horror-struck Tobias was convinced that he beheld a living corpse.

The Green Mantle, without uttering a word, entered the house, and proceeding, as if he had known all the passages, to the door of the counting-house, struck upon it three times so loudly that the whole building again re-echoed. Mr. Mellinger trembled: the previous knocking at the house-door at so unseasonable an hour had alarmed him, and he had hurried up to his chamber for the key of the counting-house, that he might open it and see who it could be that so impetuously demanded admission. At the very moment when he was turning the key in the lock, the three heavy blows dealt on the outside of the solid door plated with iron made his heart sink within him, and he recollected what Emmeline had told him in the morning about the nocturnal visitor.

When the Green Mantle perceived that the door was not fastened within, he opened it, stalked into the counting-house, and, without uttering a word, held forth a letter to Mr. Mellinger, who, at the first glimpse of the deathly visage, was utterly dismayed. He took it with a trembling hand, and found that it was from old Sponseri, introducing the bearer as his son Guilielmo.

During the reading, Mr. Mellinger recovered a little; he secretly laughed at his needless apprehensions, and received the son of his old friend in such terms as are customary in business on these occasions. He welcomed him to his house, and would have embraced his intended son-in-law, but the young man drew back. "Touch me not," cried he, in a hollow tone,—"I am dead—I expired this morning—I must return to the place from which I came. Farewell!"

Mr. Mellinger's blood curled as the Green Mantle thus spoke with dull unmoving eyes; and as the deadly cold hand, stretched forth from the folds of the robe, touched him

at parting, he shrieked aloud; his hair stood on end, and the marrow chilled in his bones. The Green Mantle stood like a statue of marble; all life was extinct in him; speech, and the power of waving his cadaverous hand, alone remained.

"To-morrow," he continued, "I shall appear to my father in Venice. Give me a receipt for the safe delivery of the letter I have brought, that I may hand it to him. Look you to my decent interment, for I am a stranger here, and know none but you. If Providence then permits my return to this world of misery, I shall soon see you again. I shall report all your deeds to the eternal God, who judges us as we judge others: act accordingly. Farewell! I yearn for my grave; but first the receipt!"

Mr. Mellinger, with palsied hand, complied: the pale spirit seized it, thrust it into the cuff of his mantle, and then proceeded to the door, followed by the merchant. Tobias was waiting there with a light, but seeing his master tremble with fear, could scarcely hold it. The corpse-like spectre, with ghastly look, stared him in the face, and without uttering a word, glided slowly past him, and quitted the house.

"Follow the stranger," whispered Mr. Mellinger, in the ear of the petrified Tobias, "and see where he goes to."

Tobias shook his head: "My dear master," returned he, in a subdued tone, "that is no stranger; it is a corpse, a spirit, a ghost, or, for aught I know, the devil himself."

"My dear Tobias," rejoined Mr. Mellinger, in a tone of unusual kindness, "I will give you two guilders; go, follow him; see where he stops: it is a stranger; it is young Sponseri of Venice; I forgot to ask where he lodges."

Mr. Mellinger had never before called his old faithful servant "dear Tobias," neither had he ever offered him two guilders for a single errand.

Tobias mustered courage, crossed himself, and went. He followed the mysterious figure at a distance through the long silent street: just as the clock of the next church struck twelve, it reached the cemetery of the Augustine friars, and knocked thrice at the iron gate, which was opened from within. The Green Mantle entered; the gate closed after him; and old Tobias was thrilled with horror. He turned quickly round, hastened home; and reported to his astonished master what he had seen and heard.

"Say not a word, Tobias, about what has happened," began Mr. Mellinger, giving the old man the two guilders which he had promised: "to-morrow I will endeavour to learn where Mr. Sponseri lodged. Now go quietly to bed, and keep the matter a profound secret."

Neither Mr. Mellinger, nor his servant, slept a wink that night. The former read over and over again the letter delivered to him by the ghastly messenger. It was certainly the handwriting of the elder Sponseri, who, with paternal affection, recommended to him his son Guilielmo, and solicited his kind attention to the young man. He laid considerable stress on his suffering an only child to go so far from home to finish his mercantile education under Mr. Mellinger, and concluded with requesting to be informed from time to time how his son conducted himself, and to supply him annually with a thousand ducats for pocket money, and to charge the same to his account.

From the date of this letter it had been written five weeks; the journey could not take up more than one: consequently, there had been from some cause or other a delay of four weeks in the delivery. According to his

declaration he must have died very recently, for he was still unburied. Mr. Mellinger hoped in the morning to learn of the police the residence of the deceased, and resolved to await the result of this inquiry before he wrote to acquaint his father with the fatal intelligence.

The words of the apparition lay like a mass of red-hot iron upon his heart. "I shall report," said he, "all your deeds to the eternal God, who judges us as we judge others." What did the pallid inhabitant of the nether world mean by this intimation? He felt as though the last judgment of God was to be held forthwith upon him. He viewed his past life with contrition, and resolved to reform.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, he hurried to the police-office to inquire the residence of Guilielmo Sponseri of Venice. The clerk turned to the register. "He lived," said he, "at the Sun Inn, No. 14, and died yesterday morning at the age of twenty-five years," adding a full description of his person. Every particular exactly tallies," replied Mr. Mellinger with profound emotion, clapping his hand to his brow, and with faltering step retiring from the office. He hastened to the Sun Inn, and on inquiring for young Sponseri, was conducted to No, 14, where he beheld the terrific visitant of the preceding night, extended on a bier, with a green mantle loosely thrown over him, and a white paper in the cuff.

The old man's heart was ready to break: he wept, perhaps for the first time in fifty years, that is to say, in his whole life. "What paper is that in the cuff?" said he to the waiter, who had conducted him to the chamber. The waiter drew it forth, opened it, and showed it to Mr. Mellinger, who trembled violently, when he saw that it was the receipt which he had written with his own hand

the preceding night. "Put it back! put it back again!" said the horror-struck Mr. Mellinger with averted face, recollecting that Guilielmo had told him he intended to give this receipt to his father to prove the due delivery of his letter. Having uttered a silent prayer at the foot of the corpse, he hastened home in great perturbation, and was received by Emmeline with a face in which it was easy to read that she was acquainted with all that had passed. Tobias had told the whole story to Rosina, and Rosina could not help telling it to Emmeline.

"On Sunday, my dear, we will receive the sacrament," said he, "and every Saturday you shall give away ten dollars in charity to the poor; and if you chance to hear of any one in distress, tell me, that I may relieve him. Henceforward, too, you may allow Tobias and Rosina bread and butter for supper, and beer twice a week. I have no objection to your giving them meat for dinner, if you think fit; and tell me if I appear close or stingy; people say I am so, but God knows it is not true; and I will do every thing in my power to avoid the appearance of a penurious disposition."

Emmeline was deeply affected; but she rejoiced at the same time at the change in her father; for she now began to perceive that he had not always been so kind as at this moment. Mr. Mellinger then sent for his chief clerk, and briefly informed him that Mr. Sponseri, who, as he knew, was expected from Venice, had arrived in their city, but died almost immediately. He directed him to give orders for a very splendid funeral, to be charged to the account of Sponseri, senior. "My dear Stipps," continued Mr. Mellinger, "you must invite all the principal houses in the place; and I must beg you to follow the corpse to the grave in my stead: the melancholy

event has so deeply affected me, that I am quite ill, and it will be impossible for me to attend."

Mr. Mellinger also gave directions that an advertisement should be inserted in the public papers for a clerk to conduct the English and Italian correspondence, which young Sponseri was to have undertaken; adding a particular injunction that it should be very short, on account of the exorbitant charges of the newspaper gentry.

The young man was accordingly interred with the utmost magnificence, and Mr. Stipps was called in to give a report of his proceedings. "How did you dress him, Mr. Stipps?" asked Emmeline, who had listened to him with evident interest: "in black, of course."—"So we intended," replied the clerk, "but we found a paper in which he expressly desired to be buried in the green mantle which he had always worn. There was a note sticking in the cuff, and that we left there, because the waiter at the Sun assured me that you, Sir, had read it and expressly ordered that it should not be taken away."

"Did the young man look well?" inquired Emmeline.

"No doubt he did when alive," replied the clerk; "but when people are dead—when the eyes are deep sunk, the cheeks pale and hollow, the face livid, cold and stiff—they do not usually look over and above well. This whole business with young Sponseri is most extraordinary; people know not what to think of it!"

"How so?" asked father and daughter both at once.

"Excuse me, Sir; I do not say that I think any ill, but only, that I know not what others may think. This young gentleman, the son of your friend, died in the morning; he was laid out, the green mantle spread over him, and a sheet over that, and the room-door locked. At night, at eleven o'clock precisely, the lock of the door

rattled—this the waiter heard distinctly; the porter who sleeps down stairs awoke with the noise, and thinking that some one was at the house-door, he rose: at that moment the Green Mantle passed him in the dark, and said in a deep, hollow, sepulchral voice, 'Open the door!' The man half asleep and overpowered with fright, obeyed this command, and the Green Mantle glided past him into the street. What say you to this?"

"God be merciful to his soul!" ejaculated Mr. Mellinger.

"Well, and next morning, what then?" asked the astonished Emmeline.

"Why, next morning, there lay the corpse on the bier as before, with the green mantle over him, and in the cuff the paper, which, according to your directions, Sir, was to be buried with him. Not a creature saw him come back or heard the door open for him; the lock was uninjured; and the waiter is ready to make oath that the paper was not in the cuff before: he took it out, opened it, and found your name, Sir, at the bottom, but the rest of the contents he could not read, it was written so illegibly."

"I believe I trembled a little," said Mr. Mellinger, in a low tone.

"For heaven's sake!" cried honest Stipps, interrupting him, "was it then really your writing? Where—if I may venture to ask the question—where did you meet with this terrible Green Mantle? It must have been at night! Be not angry, Sir, but indeed there are some dreadfully mysterious circumstances connected with this Mr. Sponseri.

"Ask me not, good Stipps," rejoined Mr. Mellinger, in a tremulous voice which betrayed his agitation: "I can-

not and dare not answer even you. Let us pray to God, for we are all poor sinners, to keep us in the right path, that we may never more hear of this tremendous Green Mantle."

"There is no likelihood of that: the vault in which the coffin is deposited is firmly closed; no living creature could get out of it, much less a dead person."

Among the applications in answer to the advertisement in the newspapers was one from a young man, a native of Bremen, named Wilmsen, who had the strongest recommendations from one of the first houses at Basle, in whose employ he had been. He said that he had the offer of a situation at Naples; but if he could obtain one with Mr. Mellinger, he should prefer it, because his house had been long celebrated as one of the most eminent in the mercantile world, and he hoped there to enjoy opportunities of improving and extending his knowledge of business. He expressed himself with such modesty, that Mr. Mellinger was quite delighted with the compliment. He told the young man, who was very handsome, that he should have no objection to take him if he were competent to the performance of the duties which he required, and if they could agree respecting terms.

"I know not for what department exactly you need a person," rejoined young Wilmsen, "but in the house which I have just quitted, I conducted the German, French, English, and Italian correspondence, and I may say without vanity, that I speak those languages with tolerable fluency. In case of emergency, I can do something in Russian; and as to my handwriting, permit me to submit to you a little specimen"—it was just like copperplate. "With regard to terms I cheerfully renounce

any salary in the hope of acquiring here that in which I am still deficient. In my former situations I have saved enough to last me for several years. I have therefore but one wish, and this is, that you would have the condescension to permit me to board at your table and to lodge in your house. Your clerks, as I am informed, all board and lodge elsewhere; but young men sometimes get, in consequence, and indeed unavoidably, into bad company. In my former situations I have enjoyed this privilege, and been extremely comfortable. At Naples I should be sure to obtain it—but I should not like to relinquish my prospect here."

Mr. Mellinger hemmed, and was about to signify his refusal, for never since the establishment of his house had one of his clerks eaten at his table, excepting on Christmas day, when it was his custom to give an entertainment to all the persons in his employ; but the young and well-informed stranger, whose services he could gain at so cheap a rate, seemed too valuable a prize to be lost for the sake of that single condition. He therefore replied that he would consult his daughter, to whom he left the management of his house, and give him an answer.

Accordingly he acquainted Emmeline with the circumstance. "Let's see him first," said the daughter of the wealthy Mr. Mellinger, with something of the spirit of commercial pride. "Oh! he will be sure to please you," replied the father, little thinking of the danger to which he might possibly expose Emmeline by the introduction of the young stranger into her company, and considering only what an advantageous bargain he should make by securing the benefit of his talents and industry at such a price. "He is very gentlemanly in his deportment; not like the generality of young men, but as modest as he is

handsome. He speaks well, and will perhaps make our table a little more cheerful."

"Just as you please, father," said Emmeline; "we may soon arrange that matter. We can let him have the green room;" (which, by-the-by, was one of the best in the house;) that will be good enough, I suppose."

"Quite, quite! His victuals will not cost much, and you need pour him out but one glass of wine after dinner—more would but heat his young blood." In this manner they proceeded to arrange the whole course of his meals, the old gentleman enforcing that degree of frugality, or, more properly speaking, parsimony, for which he had been distinguished through life.

Young Wilmsen called the following morning, learned with manifest joy that his terms were accepted, took possession of his post, and had his seat allotted to him at the desk. His first duty was to inform old Sponseri of the sudden decease of his son, agreeably to the instructions he received from Mr. Mellinger. The latter of course abstained from the slightest allusion to the nocturnal adventure, and charged his new clerk to assure his correspondent of his most profound sympathy in this his painful loss. According to his representation, young Sponseri had sent to request him to come to his inn; he hastened thither immediately, but on his arrival found him dead. He went on to state that all the attempts made for the purpose of recalling him to life having proved fruitless, he had caused him to be interred on the third day with all the demonstrations of respect due to his family; and an account of the expense was enclosed. In this account not a kreutzer was forgotten. "I should wish you, Mr. Wilmsen," added Mr. Mellinger, "to deviate a little from our ordinary style: make it a little pathetic—you understand me. Old

Sponseri likes that sort of thing; he is worth a couple of millions, and one would willingly afford such a man as that a gratification which costs nothing."

Wilmsen having rapidly finished a rough draft of the letter in Italian, submitted it with great diffidence to his employer. He read it with such delight that he could not refrain from exclaiming to himself as he proceeded: "Excellent! Capital! Just the thing!" In fact he was compelled secretly to admit, that such a composition had never yet issued from his counting-house.

Dinner-time arrived, and Mr. Mellinger took Wilmsen along with him, and introduced him to his daughter. Emmeline blushed as he bowed to her, for she recollected to have seen him at the cathedral, where he had knelt and prayed by her at the high altar. She had carried away with her the image of the handsome young man, without knowing herself how deep an impression it had made on her heart, and she was now surprised by the appearance of the original. He sat opposite to her: he gazed intently on her lovely figure; but whenever her eye met his, he cast it down on his plate and seemed absorbed in thought.

"The young man is rather awkward," observed the old gentleman to his daughter, after dinner; "he dropped his fork twice, and the stain of the red wine which he spilt when you handed him the cake will never be got out of the table-cloth."

"Want of education, father," replied Emmeline, by way of excuse. "How can that be," rejoined her father, "with such various and extensive acquirements?—then he writes like a Gellert, and is a merchant born into the bargain. I am exceedingly pleased with him; though the stains vex me—they will never be got out of that

cloth. I believe I had better make him an allowance for his board: his conversation is none of the liveliest; nay, I was obliged to ask him twice before he answered my question concerning the course of exchange at Basle, so sparing is he of his words."

"He may improve in time, father," replied Emmeline, who was at no loss to guess the cause of Wilmsen's embarrassment when he dropped his fork and spilt his wine, and who discovered in his abstraction the tenderest homage; for her eye was just then fixed upon him when her father began to talk about Basle and the course of exchange. A feeling to which she had hitherto been a stranger pervaded her innocent bosom; she could have laughed and wept at the same moment. She enjoyed the first triumph over her father. The young and handsome clerk had been much more attentive to her than to him. Her vanity was flattered; and a tender emotion of her heart subsided into an inexpressible interest in behalf of the stranger, whose whole deportment plainly evinced that she was far from indifferent to him.

At night Wilmsen sent back the parsimonious meal ordered for him by Mr. Mellinger, for he had bespoken a supper at the first hotel in the city, to which he had invited all the clerks of the house. Next morning Stipps gave his master a faithful account of the entertainment. There was a profusion of all the delicacies that the city could furnish. The first three toasts proposed by Mr. Wilmsen were, "Mr. Mellinger"—"Miss Mellinger"—"Success to Commerce;" and they were drunk to the sound of drums and trumpets. The most costly wines, particularly Champagne, had been freely circulated; but the moment the clock struck ten, Wilmsen apologized for being obliged to leave the company, as he was anxious to

avoid causing any disturbance to the family of his employer. The rest of the party remained carousing till a late hour, the landlord having express orders to supply whatever was required, and even old Tobias was made royal with the good cheer.

Mr. Mellinger pricked up his ears: he had never before had such a man in his counting-house; neither had his health and his daughter's ever yet been drunk to the sound of drums and trumpets. "Give him two glasses of wine to-day," said he to Emmeline, when old Stipps had retired: "it must have cost him something to do us this honour, and the people in the neighbourhood must have been astonished to learn that it was my clerks who were regaling themselves in such style."

At dinner this day Wilmsen was a little more at home, but still he did not always answer the questions asked by the old gentleman. Emmeline did not once open her lips to him, but her eyes frequently rested unconsciously, for a minute together, on the young stranger. Mr. Mellinger thanked him for the toasts of the preceding evening. Wilmsen apologized for having presumed to propose them; "but," said he, "the little entertainment which I gave by way of purchasing my freedom in the society of my comrades, who have the good fortune to be in your service, did not acquire its appropriate character of festivity till we rose with brimming glass in hand, to express our ardent wishes to that Providence which has brought us here together, for the duration of the prosperity of our young mistress and yourself." Mr. Mellinger, manifestly gratified by the honour done him, poured out with his own hand a third glass for the prepossessing speaker. Emmeline would willingly have thanked him too for his remembrance of her in the circle of his new associates, but

she could not open her lips. She appeared strange, nay ridiculous, in her own eyes; she was vexed with herself: the moment was past for paying him a compliment on the subject, to which it was now impossible to recur. What must Wilmsen think of her? He had, if she was not mistaken, cast towards her a look of expectation, and she had been silent! She upbraided herself the whole day for it.

In the evening, the frugal supply of bread and butter dealt out for him by the careful Rosina was again returned. Wilmsen supped out; and the same excuse was made for several succeeding days.

One afternoon an express arrived from Venice with the following letter from the elder Sponseri:

"I am very uneasy. Yesterday I received your letter, in which you inform me that my son is not yet arrived. Last night I dreamt that my Guilielmo, wrapped in the green mantle which he was accustomed to wear here, came like a ghost to my bedside, and whispered in my ear:—'I am dead, father; but I delivered your letter to Mr. Mellinger, and his receipt for it I lay upon this table. He has interred me decently: thank him for the last honours that he has paid to my remains. Now, farewell; it is past midnight, and I must return to my dark, cold grave. The grave is a dismal place, father. You shall soon hear more of me.'—I awoke—the figure of my son was gone. On recovering from my fright, I smiled to think that it was only a dream. How is it possible, thought I, that death should so soon have snatched away my robust, hearty, blooming Guilielmo, in all the vigour of early manhood? With this idea I strove to silence my awakened apprehensions, when his words

concerning your receipt recurred to my mind: I turned my eyes to the table that stands by my bed, and upon it lay, sure enough, a piece of paper. I could scarcely breathe; I rang for the servants, as if the house were on fire: a cold perspiration issued from every pore. 'Lights! lights! for God's sake, lights!' cried I, in an agony of terror. Lights were instantly brought: I snatched the paper from the table; it was a receipt written by you, but evidently with a trembling hand. My senses forsook me. I can tell you no more; but I conjure you, my friend, to explain the mystery. I would come to you myself, but that I am confined to my bed in consequence of the shock which this circumstance has given me. Communicate the contents of this letter to nobody. Answer me immediately by express, and without reserve—I am prepared for the worst. Adieu!"

This letter overwhelmed old Mellinger with astonishment. From the date, Guilielmo must have delivered the receipt at Venice the first night after his interment. By no human means, not even by the flight of a bird, could the distance have been traversed in that time. "I shall record all your actions," were the words of the mysterious Green Mantle, and that he possessed supernatural powers was plainly proved by this letter.

Mr. Mellinger now sat down to write to the disconsolate father, and gave him a faithful account of all the particulars connected with the horrid apparition. From this time forward he became most conscientious in all his dealings; and he manifested, to the surprise of all his acquaintance and the whole city, so kind, so humane, and so generous a disposition, that many who had witnessed his former parsimony, his severity to poor artisans, and his unfeeling treatment to debtors who were unable

to pay him to the moment, were often tempted to believe that his understanding was deranged.

Universally as he had before been hated, so universally was he now beloved and respected. Numberless traits of his generosity were circulated from mouth to mouth; so that he gained, throughout the whole commercial world, the reputation of one of the most honest and upright of merchants.

Shortly after the remarkable catastrophe already recorded, he sustained several heavy losses. In one town, goods belonging to him to the amount of more than fifty thousand dollars were destroyed by fire; and an enemy's corps seized timber of his lying in one of the ports of the Baltic, worth eighty thousand dollars more. A cargo of wheat, destined for England, together with the ship, was taken by privateers; and he lost large sums by the failure of two houses at Hamburgh and Amsterdam. All these disasters occurred within the short space of two months. He could not help deploring these misfortunes to his own people, though, as a prudent merchant, he said nothing about them to others. On such occasions Stipps used to shrug his shoulders, and console him with such wise saws as, "Fine weather cannot last for ever"—"Things must mend when the worst is at an end"—"When need is greatest God's help will not be latest"—and the like. Wilmsen also shrugged his shoulders. "Did I not," said he, "daily witness so many benevolent actions, which give you, Sir, a just claim to the choicest blessings of heaven, I should often be tempted to regard these misfortunes as divine visitations: as it is, I begin almost to question the justice of Providence." Old Mellinger resisted this daring conclusion. "Then," rejoined Wilmsen gravely, "I am constrained to believe that whomsoever

God loves he chastens." Mellinger shook his head in silence, and turned away, that the young man might not see the anguish depicted in his face at the mention of divine visitations.

About this time, when Germany was reduced to the lowest state of humiliation, a large body of troops was quartered in the vicinity of the town where Mr. Mellinger resided. A courier, who had been for some time expected, was missed after quitting the next station, and not a trace of him could ever be discovered. From the general disposition of the inhabitants towards the hostile corps to which this courier belonged, it was not improbable that he had been met by some desperado who had given him a passport to the other world. The postilion, also, who should have driven the courier the last stage, had never since been heard of. The *gens-d'armes* were uncommonly active in their inquiries into every circumstance likely to elucidate this affair; and in less than a week, to the consternation of the whole city, Mr. Mellinger was seized by them in open day, in his own house, put in irons, and dragged to prison as the murderer of the missing courier.

It was well known that the old gentleman in his heart detested the foe who had clipped the wings of his trade, and diffused inexpressible misery over his country; but that this hatred should be so strong as to incite him to murder on the highway, no one could believe. He had many enemies in the place; but no man could suppose that their animosity had urged them so far as to fabricate this false accusation, either to bring him to an ignominious end, or to reduce him to the necessity of purchasing life and liberty by an immense sacrifice. The accused himself, when first taken into custody, lost all presence of

mind, so that no opinion of his guilt or innocence could be formed from his behaviour. How he afterwards expressed himself was not known, for he was kept in such close confinement that no person whatever was permitted to speak to him.

At this moment of the utmost consternation, young Wilmsen conducted himself with such discretion, and took so warm an interest in the affair, that Emmeline was unable to control her feelings: she had long cherished a secret passion for the young man. She was ignorant of the real cause of the total revolution which had been effected in her father, but she imagined that it was owing to the influence which Wilmsen had acquired over him; for when the old man threw out the slightest hint of an intention to do a good action, Wilmsen hastened with joyful zeal to carry it into execution; and by his talents, his usefulness, and his excellent advice, he gained such an ascendency over his employer, that the latter, by degrees, unconsciously entered into all his views. A thousand times had the gentle Emmeline blessed him in her heart for his efforts: she had learned to respect and to love him; and her only sorrow arose from the idea that Wilmsen was actuated by duty alone, without feeling any real interest for her father, or any thing but perfect indifference for herself.

Notwithstanding her modesty, she was sensible that she had not her equal for beauty in the city, and that her education and accomplishments were of a superior order. Hundreds had sued at her feet, and yet this young man had remained at the same respectful distance at which he had placed himself on the very first day; not one cordial word had ever escaped his lips. Vanity whispered to her that his looks had frequently betrayed more

than the attention of indifference; but still he had been silent. Now, however, circumstances were wholly changed. Wilmsen was beside himself at the sudden apprehension of her father. He was thoroughly convinced of the innocence of Mr. Mellinger, and considered the whole affair as a diabolical plot to strip him of his property, which notwithstanding his recent losses, was still very considerable. As soon as he had somewhat collected himself, he hastened to Emmeline, to offer her every consolation in his power. He pledged himself to save her father, cost what it would; and requested her in the mean time to intrust him with the management of his business. "Put confidence in me," said he with unaffected warmth: "I will justify it by my conduct."

"Yes, Wilmsen," said the weeping Emmeline, deeply affected by the events of the day, "I have confidence in you," and unconsciously placed her hand in his. He raised it to his lips; and had not her heart been oppressed with grief and her eyes bedimmed with tears, Emmeline must have then read in his looks that rapture which pervaded him in spite of his participation in her filial sorrows.

At this moment Stipps arrived with the intelligence that Mr. Mellinger's guilt had been discovered by means of a child. The old gentleman had been accustomed to make little excursions into the country in a single-horse chaise, which he drove himself. He was generally alone; but on this occasion he had taken with him a little girl, six years old, the child of one of his clerks, by whose prattle he was highly entertained. Her name was Charlotte.

Charlotte, on her return home, related to the child of a neighbour that Mr. Mellinger, in driving through the wil-

low coppice, near the mill-dam, had discovered at a distance a courier coming, all in green; the fellow went so swiftly that she had nearly lost sight of him; but Mr. Mellinger leaped out of the chaise just in time to overtake him, and that he might not keep him long in misery, ran him right through the body. One of the *gens-d'armes*, who happened just then to be sitting on the step of the door, listened with the utmost attention to the child's story, and immediately reported the circumstance to his superiors.

Emmeline hastened to the parents for the purpose of questioning the child herself; but she had been carried by the *gens-d'armes* before the commandant of the place to be examined, and no person, not even her mother, had been allowed to accompany her.

She returned home disconsolate, and found Wilmsen busily engaged in arranging her father's papers, and in removing all the cash and bills of consequence to a place of safety. The horrid intelligence was soon brought that the very next morning her father was to be tried by a military commission. This, as every one knows, was in those days equivalent to a death-warrant.

Immediately after the apprehension of the child, the willow coppice mentioned by her had been searched, and the lifeless body of the missing courier was actually found there, not, indeed, pierced through the heart, but with several mortal wounds in the head.

All the efforts made by the unfortunate Emmeline to obtain a sight of her father proved fruitless: neither money nor entreaties produced any effect. Honest Tobias, who had been in the habit of drinking at the public-house with the soldiers and the jailer, used all his influence to gain permission to speak with his master for a few minutes only in their presence, but in vain.

Emmeline returned home broken-hearted. Wilmsen, from whom she hoped for counsel and consolation, was melancholy and uneasy; he purposely evaded her questions whether he thought it still possible to save her father—whether she should offer half, or even the whole of his property to the commandant—whether she should repair that night to the marshal, who resided not far off, throw herself at his feet, and beg her father's life.

The terrible night at length came on, and nothing was yet done to save the unfortunate, and, in the estimation of all, innocent old man from the fate which threatened him in the morning. Emmeline sent quite late to Charlotte's parents, who in great trouble returned for answer, that the child was detained at the commandant's, and this was all they knew about her; that the mother had on her knees implored him to release the child, or allow her to remain with the little creature, but he had rejected her petition with scorn and laughter.

The wretched Emmeline passed a restless night. She had recourse to prayer; and, strengthened in her confidence in the Almighty, she fell asleep towards morning; but no sooner had slumber diffused its kindly influence over her, than she was awakened by an extraordinary bustle in the house. Rosina rushed into her chamber with the joyful exclamation: "My master is free!—he has escaped!"

Emmeline, trembling for joy, lost not a moment in dressing herself; the whole house was assembled: Wilmsen, too, was awakened from a sound sleep, and he treated the whole story as a fable; but Betty, the jailer's daughter, had been herself and communicated the good news to Rosina from the street, as the latter, unable to sleep, was sitting at a window.

It was not long before a detachment of military marched up and surrounded the house. Several officers, with the commandant at their head, searched it from top to bottom so strictly, that, had Mr. Mellinger been no bigger than a mouse, he must have been discovered if he had been in it. The disappointed commandant declared, that out of many hundred prisoners of this kind not one had ever before given him the slip, and that the more he reflected upon the matter, the more inexplicable the escape of Mr. Mellinger appeared. "I insist on being informed," continued he in a firm and authoritative tone, "whether any of you knows the Green Mantle of Venice."

At this unexpected question, Emmeline, Stipps, and Rosina, changed colour so visibly, that the lynx-eyed commandant, who narrowly watched all present, was satisfied that he should draw some information from those three. He ordered them to remain, and the rest to quit the room. He sent Stipps and Rosina, half-frightened to death, into separate closets, and requested Emmeline to tell him truly all she knew respecting the Green Mantle. The trembling girl asked how this mysterous apparition could have any thing to do with the liberation of her father. The commandant could not conceal his surprise that she, a young lady who was known to be better educated than any in the whole city, should speak of the Green Mantle as of a supernatural being; but reminded her that it was his province, not hers, to put questions, and repeated his request that she would relate what she knew on a matter, in which he now began to suspect that there was some reality.

Emmeline, trembling with fear, repeated all that she had heard on the subject. The commandant silently shook his head; he looked round significantly at the officers,

who were equally astonished; and allowed Emmeline, so overpowered by agitation that she could scarcely support herself, to leave the room.

Stipps was next called in, and his story agreed with Emmeline's. The commandant, still more staggered than before, desired to see the letters which Mr. Mellinger had received about the time in question from the house of Sponseri at Venice. Stipps went, attended by one of the officers, to the counting-house, and brought the packet, lettered S, containing the mysterious epistle, with the contents of which the reader is already acquainted. The commandant, with the two superior officers, read the letter, and then muttered, "If this is the case, the jailer and the guard are not so criminal; and the devil fetch me if I know what I should have done myself in their situation."

Stipps was ordered to point out the spot in the churchyard where young Sponseri had been buried. "Should you know the body again?" gravely asked the commandant, who now began to have some misgivings about the matter.—"If the face be not very much altered," replied Stipps, "I should certainly know it again;" and his blood ran cold at the thought of once more beholding those ghastly features, which had already filled him with such horror. "Let the grave be opened!" said the commandant to his aid-de-camp: "take this person," pointing to Stipps, "along with you, and let him state on oath whether it is the corpse of the same person who was buried for young Sponseri of Venice. Then send for the jailer and the sergeant of the guard, and take down in writing what they say when you show them the body. Let the jailer bring the button with him."

Meanwhile Rosina was brought forward, and related

what she knew. The statements of all three exactly coincided, but none of them had seen the Green Mantle, excepting Stipps, when superintending the arrangements for the funeral.

Rosina, when questioned as to her knowledge of the apparition, mentioned old Tobias as her informant. Inquiry was in consequence made for him, but he was nowhere to be found. Messengers were despatched to every place where he was thought likely to be, but to no purpose. "You must produce him," cried the commandant, "should it even cost you the whole of your property. As a security, you shall pay down immediately ten thousand dollars, which shall be forfeited in four weeks at farthest, unless you bring the man forward alive or dead. Wilmsen, with a forced smile, replied, that old Tobias, who was unfit for any kind of work, and was chiefly kept out of charity, had never yet been valued at so high a rate; and as Mr. Mellinger never suffered the keys of the iron chest to go out of his own hands, it was not in their power to pay the sum demanded, nor, indeed, could they tell whether there was so much money in the house.

"Here are the keys!" cried the commandant, with an air of triumph, holding them up close to the face of Wilmsen, to the no small dismay of the latter; "it is our custom, young man, to search a prisoner, and to take away whatever he has about him at the time of his apprehension. Come along!—where is the chest?"

At this moment Wilmsen was completely disconcerted, and the commandant exultingly exclaimed: "You thought that the commandant was no match for you, I warrant. I know you city gentry but too well; and I will make you submissive enough before I have done with you." Yielding to necessity, Wilmsen conducted the command-

ant and some of his officers to the counting-house, and with half-smothered vexation pointed to the iron chest. The commandant unlocked it himself, raised the heavy lid, and instantly started back three steps; for, at the first glance that he cast into it, what should meet his greedy eyes but—a green mantle!

Thrilled with horror, he exclaimed—"Surely this must be the work of the devil himself!" and asked Wilmsen if he had ever seen the mantle in the chest before. "Mr. Mellinger alone kept the key of that chest," replied he, "and we clerks never concerned ourselves about what our master had in it."—"Take out the accursed mantle," cried the commandant, as though he durst not himself touch the garment of the spectre. Wilmsen obeyed. "What is this?" asked the commandant, pointing with his stick to a paper that fell from the mantle. Wilmsen picked it up, and would have read it. "That is not written for you!" cried the commandant, snatching it out of his hand. He looked steadfastly at it for some time.

It was a fragment of written paper. He took another piece out of his pocket-book, declaring, with a vulgar oath, that both were in the same handwriting, and, on fitting the pieces, they were found to correspond so exactly that there could be no doubt of their belonging to one another. A third scrap, however, was wanting to complete the whole.

The commandant was more and more confounded. "It seems to be written in Italian," said he; "does any one here understand Italian?" Wilmsen offered his service, when one of the officers answered, that he knew something of that language. The commandant handed the twc pieces to him. He read as follows:—

"———*conscience; God*
overtakes——a fearful end.
last judgment. Trem-
ble—eternal night of death."

"Pooh!" said the commandant, with affected indifference; but at that moment his nether jaw quivered so convulsively, that he could not utter another word.

"There is something more," observed the other officer, pointing to the back of the paper. His companion turned both the pieces; the back of one was blank, but on that of the other, which had fallen from the green mantle, were the words:

"*Pallasch and Wollmar*——"

"Stop!" cried the commandant to the officer, when he heard those two names; "read that to me only." The officer stepped close to him, and read in a low tone as follows:—

"*Pallasch and Wollmar are innocent. May the judgments of Almighty God overtake him who injures a hair of their heads!*"

"Come hither, my friend, and do you translate it," said the commandant, almost beside himself, handing the paper to Wilmsen.

Wilmsen rendered it thus:—"*Pallasch and Wollmar are innocent. May the heaviest judgments of Almighty God overtake him who injures a hair of either of their heads!*"

"Then may the lightnings blast ——" the rest died away on the lips of the commandant. "Look at the handwriting." Wilmsen compared it with that on the other side, and found both to be the same. In raising the two pieces of paper to his face, he turned aside his head with an expression of loathing. The commandant

inquired the reason. "They have a cadaverous smell," said he, with a countenance indicative of horror and disgust, "as if they had come out of the hands of a putrid corpse." The commandant drew back with a look of abhorrence, for he, too, could perceive the earthly sepulchral smell. He now became as mild and flexible as he had at first been blustering and peremptory.

One of the officers reminded him of the object of his visit, and of the ten thousand dollars which were to be paid down as a pledge for the production of old Tobias. "The commandant," cried Wilmsen keenly, "has possessed himself of the chest: there can, of course, be no farther question about *giving*, but only about *taking*. What is in the chest I know not; if it contains so much, let him take what his conscience will allow him, recollecting that *God will overtake with his judgments* those who are guilty of injustice."

"*A fearful end*," muttered the commandant, reminded by Wilmsen's allusions of the oracular hieroglyphics of the Green Mantle—"*Last judgment—Tremble—Eternal night of death.* I will not touch a kreutzer in this chest; and I will abate one half of the required sum, but that I must positively have," added he, casting a side glance at the two officers, for the sake of the public welfare." Wilmsen searched the chest, and finding that it contained not quite four thousand dollars, offered half the amount as a deposit, if the commandant would pledge his word and honour that it should be returned as soon as Tobias should be delivered up alive, or his death satisfactorily ascertained. The commandant complied, and the officers took charge of the two thousand dollars.

Meanwhile Stipps returned from the church-yard with the aid-de-camp, the jailer, and the sergeant of the guard

The aid-de-camp produced the depositions which he had taken down. According to these, Stipps had recognised the disinterred corpse as that of young Sponseri of Venice; and Pallasch the jailer, and Sergeant Wollmar knew him again immediately to be the same person who had come the preceding night and released Mr. Mellinger from prison. "You seem astonished," said the commandant to young Wilmsen, who at this declaration could not believe his ears. "You will now be able to account for my surprise at finding the infernal mantle here in the chest. Either God or the devil must have a hand in this business."

All present crossed themselves; and even the two officers who were acquainted with the events of the preceding night looked aghast. "The green mantle itself," continued the aid-de-camp, "I have taken from the corpse." At these words, to the horror of the whole company, a soldier brought in the half-mouldered garment.

"The button," proceeded the aid-de-camp, "which the apparition last night lost from its mantle, is actually wanting on this mantle taken out of the grave, and is of the same pattern as those on the latter." The commandant shuddered. The two mantles, on being compared, were found to be of the same cloth; and both had the same sort of buttons, and one button was deficient on both.

"Let us hear no more of this infernal story!" exclaimed the commandant: "the more we investigate it, the darker is the mystery." "Permit me, however, Sir," said the aid-de-camp, by way of concluding his report, "merely to submit to you this scrap of paper. In the cuff I found a receipt certifying the delivery of a letter. Mr. Stipps declared, that, to the best of his judgment, the receipt was the handwriting of Mr. Mellinger. In the pocket of the mantle was this paper."

The paper was unfolded; and who can describe the new astonishment of all on finding that it fitted exactly to the two other pieces, one of which had fallen from the mantle in the chest, and the other had been dropped by the apparition the preceding night! The words had become very illegible; but there was no doubt that the writing on all three pieces was by the same hand. One of the officers and Wilmsen endeavoured to decipher the contents, and, after poring over them for some time, made out what follows:—

"*O wretch, rouse thy slumbering conscience. God will overtake thee in the path of guilt to which I foresee a fearful end. The lamentations of those whom thou hast rendered miserable shall summon thee to the last judgment. Tremble, thou scourge of mankind! the eternal night of death is but the first day of the torments of hell.*"

"Who says that?" cried the commandant while his teeth chattered. "The grave," emphatically replied Wilmsen. A long pause ensued.

"The eternal night of death is but the first day of the torments of hell!" slowly repeated the commandant. "Terrific idea! When, then, is their night?—when their second day?—when their termination? Observe all of you," added he solemnly, "the most profound silence respecting what has occurred here. Time may, perhaps, clear up what our limited understandings cannot at present penetrate."

With these words he retired, followed by the rest, having previously delivered the keys of the chest to Stipps, and ordered one of his people to carry the mantles after him.

As soon as honest Stipps found himself alone with

Wilmsen, he burst into tears. "O, my friend!" cried he, "what a day has this been! I am overwhelmed with horror and anxiety. Where is our old master?" "Heaven be his guide!" said Wilmsen, devoutly folding his hands across his breast. "I am extremely concerned about him." "But who can have saved him?" asked Stipps. At this moment, Emmeline entered the room, followed by Betty Pallasch, the jailer's daughter.—"Now, my girl," said she, "as we cannot be overheard here, tell us three all you know. Tell every thing; speak the truth, and you shall have money or whatever you wish for."

"They may talk as they please," said the girl with a knowing look, "they will not persuade me that the devil had any hand in it. I can't help thinking it must have been Tobias; for last night, between ten and eleven o'clock, he gave the soldiers so much liquor that they could hardly stand. He had first poured rum or rack, or some devil's drink or other, I forget what he called it, into the wine, so that the smell alone was enough to make one tipsy. He said, (I mean Tobias,) that they should drink his master's health, and have three times as much when he was acquitted and set at liberty. The men laughed, saying, that as his master would almost to a certainty be shot on the morrow, they would rather have then what they were to have. Tobias went away crying, wished me good night, and said:—'Betty, if that which I expect happens, you will never see me again.' I locked the door after him, and carried the key to my father; but the conversation between Tobias and the soldiers had made me so uneasy that I could not go to bed; for wherever I was, I could not help fancying that I saw them shooting the old gentleman, and poor old Tobias

wandering over the wide world. I stayed with my father, who was sitting up with the sergeant; and they talked about war, and told stories about murders that made my blood run cold. I never was so frightened in my life. The sergeant looked around at his men, who were fast asleep. My father told me twice to go to bed, but I could not for fright. When he ordered me the third time, I lay down on the bench and pretended to be asleep. The sergeant said he might as well let me lie, since the night was so far advanced; and besides, while I was there, they would not be without company. He then clapped his ear to the door of the cell in which the old gentleman was confined, and knocked softly three times. 'The old man must have a good conscience,' said he, 'for he is fast asleep.'

"Scarcely had he uttered these words, when the clock struck twelve; and with the last stroke, a pale, ghastly figure, wrapped in a green mantle, came out at the door, followed by the old gentleman. All three of us started up, and I could not help giving a loud shriek. The spectre stared at us with his great coal-black eyes, and said:—'I am the Green Mantle of Venice. My habitation is the grave. This man is free: whoever touches him dies.' With that, both of them walked through our little place into the guard-room, where the men were asleep, and vanished.

"'Father! what was that?' cried I, wringing my hands between horror, apprehension, and joy. 'Did you see his face? There was not a drop of life-blood in it. Oh! it was Death himself, or a dreadful apparition!'

"My father was astounded. 'It was a dream, child, a fearful dream. It could be nothing else, for the old man still lies within there in irons.'

"With a trembling hand he took up the lamp, and went into the cell. The fetters lay upon the pavement. The cell was empty! 'We are undone,' exclaimed the sergeant; 'this must have been the devil himself. It was some hellish contrivance. Holla, guards! To arms! Good heaven, has Beelzebub stopped your ears also by some diabolical enchantment?'

"The men heard not a syllable of what he said; and it was at least a quarter of an hour before they could be brought, by dint of buffetings and shakings, to stand upon their legs. The house was searched with all speed, every corner from the garret to the cellar; but no trace either of the ghost or of his companion could anywhere be found.

"At last, it became necessary for the sergeant to acquaint the commandant. 'If the commandant hears,' said the sergeant to the soldiers, who had scarcely recovered from their intoxication, 'that you were drunk, every man of you will be shot. I cannot help thinking that the profound sleep into which you fell was a freak of the cursed Green Mantle of Venice. You have toped freely before now, my brave fellows, yet were always found at your posts, and never were known to neglect your duty.'

"The men were glad that the sergeant himself had helped them to an excuse; and they all protested that they had never been so bewitched before; they could hardly then see out of their eyes, so confused were their heads. One of them undertook to swear a thousand oaths, that he had seen the Green Mantle, with the prisoner, pass through the guard-room. He would have called to the others, but he found himself incapable of moving a limb, or uttering a word. Some invisible power compelled him to be silent.

"The sergeant made his report of all this to the commandant. The latter had yesterday been at a splendid entertainment, and, as the servants said, returned home in his cups, and was not to be roused.

"Two hours elapsed before the whole of the guards on duty at the prison were relieved. The sentry at the door had disappeared.

"The sergeant, my father, myself, and all the soldiers, were arrested and carried before the commandant. He examined us himself. We were put upon our corporal oath as to what we had heard and seen. The soldiers to a man swore, that with open eyes they had seen the Green Mantle pass through with the prisoner, and that they would have stopped—have shot him; but they were not able to move a finger, and when they attempted to call out, their voices stuck in their throats; that the Green Mantle had a huge cloven foot, and a long flaming tail; that the door opened before him without his touching it, and when he was gone, he left behind him a strong smell of brimstone.

"I knew very well that this was not all true, and that they had perjured themselves; but, as I saw that the commandant began to be puzzled, and to consider my father less guilty, I let them swear what they liked, and sell their souls to the devil; for you know, he who takes a false oath is sure to go to hell. But the scoundrels deserve no better. I must, however, except Wollmar, who is a nice honest young man, of whom nobody can speak ill. When they brought in the green mantle that had been found at the door of the house, the commandant and all the officers turned away in disgust, for it smelt putrid—like corrupted flesh. It almost fell to pieces with rottenness. One of the buttons rolled towards the feet of the

commandant; and the sergeant found in the pocket a torn piece of paper, the writing on which could hardly be read. The rest were detained; but I was set at liberty, and hastened to Rosina, to give her the earliest intelligence of the escape of her master. The commandant is now in consultation with the rest of his officers.

"Little Charlotte has been examined again; and she has been discharged, with a threat that she shall be instantly shot if she says a word about the questions put to her, or her answers. The child is now as mute as a fish regarding the whole affair.

"The commandant is quite puzzled what to make of the story of the Green Mantle; and they say, that there is something on the scrap of paper which has made him very uneasy.

"Search is making everywhere for old Tobias. The wine he gave to the soldiers has been examined, and poison has been found in it."

"Only opium, perhaps," interrupted Wilmsen.

"Yes, that is what they call the stuff," continued Betty. "The soldiers are lying there yet, at full length. They are too ill to stand, and I verily believe they will not outlive this evening. But that is of no consequence—they have not an honest hair on their heads, and every man of them belongs to the devil after what they swore this morning. I am only anxious for poor Tobias: if they catch him, they will certainly shoot him without ceremony."

Emmeline liberally rewarded the girl; and when she was gone, all three wearied themselves with conjectures respecting the Green Mantle of Venice. At last, old Stipps observed, "Let us drop the subject. Mr. Mellinger is free and safe: the rest we must leave to heaven."

Wilmsen passed his hand over his brow anxiously, and said, in a low tone :—"While we have no intelligence respecting him, I shall not be easy."

"Do not leave me," said Emmeline mournfully, extending her hands to both of them; "God has afflicted me heavily, and I have need of such friends."

Each raised one to his lips: Wilmsen felt the pressure of her soft delicate hand, and his delighted lips reposed upon it for a second. The thought rushed through his soul, that the pressure proceeded only from the sense of her forlorn situation. He suddenly released her hand, and immediately resumed in his deportment the respectful distance of an inferior. Emmeline looked at him in silence, shook her head, unobserved by him, and without another word, left the room in deep despondence.

In her now unprotected situation, Emmeline invited one of her aunts to come and live with her. Old Stipps was appointed cashier, and Wilmsen superintended the correspondence.

Thus matters were regulated in the house; in poor Emmeline's heart, however, no such order prevailed. Every day she learned to love the handsome young Wilmsen more and more.

Little Charlotte, as we have seen, had been set at liberty. Her parents had taken her, the same morning that she returned from the commandant, to a relation in the country, probably that she might escape the pressing interrogatories of the curious. At the end of a week the little girl came back. Emmeline sought an opportunity of speaking to her alone, to learn further particulars regarding the murder of the courier by her father's hand. The child who had been so full of prattle during her walks with Mr. Mellinger, was now silent as the grave.

The terror of what she had gone through had made a deep impression upon the child.

"The commandant will have me shot," said she, laying both her hands on her anxious breast; "I dare not speak a word about it. My father tells me, that the soldiers will not always stay here, and when they are gone, I will let you know every thing."

"At least tell me, my dear," said Emmeline, and pressed the poor girl to her heart, "and I swear by Heaven and my hope of salvation to be silent—tell me whether my father did really stab the courier?"

"Yes," answered Charlotte, shaking her head; "he did stab the courier, he did indeed; but still he is no murderer."

On the same day the corpse of a drowned man was found in the river. The officer whose duty it was to inspect it was convinced that it was the body of old Tobias; and several of the by-standers coincided in this opinion. Young Wilmsen was sent for, that he might give his evidence on the subject. It was really old Tobias. The corpse, being already in a putrid state, was immediately buried. The depositions were laid before the commandant, as was usual in such cases.

Next morning Wilmsen put in his claim for the two thousand dollars deposited in the hands of the commandant, and reminded him of his written undertaking to return this sum as soon as the death of Tobias had been satisfactorily ascertained. The commandant stormed. "The depositions are false," he cried; "you are all a pack of rascals, who are sure to be in one story!"

"The depositions are all regular and authentic, Sir," answered Wilmsen, firmly but respectfully; "and you are not the commandant of a pack of rascals, but of a

place whose inhabitants have a reputation of being the most upright citizens of the empire."

"Pray who has recognised the body of the drowned man as that of your Tobias?" continued the commandant. "You.—Who has the greatest interest in establishing that point? You.—I shall not refund the two thousand dollars, be assured of that. Besides, I have not the money; the two officers who were with me had their share of it."

"That," rejoined young Wilmsen, "I have too high an opinion of your honour to believe. It was a deposit which was to remain untouched, and not a present. If you have suffered others to take any part of it, you are still answerable for the whole; and if you do not believe the evidence of the officer who inspected the corpse, and my deposition, let the body be taken up again, and thousands who knew old Tobias will confirm what I have asserted."

"What, take up the body again!" exclaimed the commandant. "Shall the grave be disturbed a second time for the sake of your house? Would to God that I never had any thing to do with you!"

"But restore the two thousand dollars," said Wilmsen, returning to the matter in dispute.

"The grave shall give it up first!" peevishly answered the commandant, and ordered Wilmsen to be gone.

In a few hours the horrible work was begun; hundreds of people who had known the old man were attracted to the spot, some from motives of curiosity, others because they were summoned. Every one agreed that it was certainly old Tobias; the dress alone was not like that which he usually wore. On a more particular inspection by the surgeon, a deep gash was discovered in the throat of

the corpse. Everybody shuddered at the sight. Tobias had been a worthy old man, beloved and esteemed by every one who knew him, and nothing but the deepest despair could have driven him to suicide.

"This is another victim whose blood will lie heavy on the soul of the commandant," murmured the crowd. These words found their way to his ears, together with the rest of the evidence, through the officers who attended on his behalf. Enraged at the necessity, as he feared, of refunding the two thousand dollars, he exclaimed: "Let the fellow be buried in a cross-road!" This, however, he could not carry into effect: the people opposed it loudly. Tobias, they said, was a man of a quiet and religious turn of mind, and very unlikely to commit suicide. The wound might have been inflicted by other hands, as such deeds were by no means of rare occurrence in those times. The commandant could not persist against the general voice of the people, who demanded an honourable grave for the deceased, and at length he silently acquiesced.

Wilmsen wrote again to demand the restoration of the two thousand dollars. The commandant answered that he would confer alone with Emmeline, the mistress of the house, on this subject. He came accordingly, and artfully endeavoured to induce her to resign her claim; but she referred him to Wilmsen, in whose hands was the entire management of her affairs, and who would settle the matter in a legal way.

The commandant turned the conversation to different subjects; and was on the point of taking leave, when Emmeline's servant entered with a letter, which had been delivered by a little boy who was an utter stranger. Emmeline apologized to the commandant; and, opening

the letter, changed colour, laughed and cried, trembled, sobbed, and at length so far forgot herself, as to exclaim joyfully, folding her hands on her breast in prayer, "He lives!"

The commandant, who had anxiously observed her emotion, asked, with an air of interest, who it could be whose life appeared to be of so much importance to her; at the same moment, a small billet fell from Emmeline's hand; he took it up, and with a soldier-like bluntness proceeded to read these words: "I live! I am free and happy, and I soon hope to see my beloved daughter."

"From your father!" cried he, in astonishment. "You declared from the first that you knew not where he was; that you had never heard from him since his escape; and I confess to you I did not believe it. I perceive now that you spoke the truth: but where is he? There is another slip of paper in the envelope; perhaps it gives some farther explanation."

Emmeline drew forth the slip, which she now first observed, ran hastily over it, and with evident embarrassment folded it up again.

"Well?" asked the commandant impatiently.

"Excuse me, Sir," said Emmeline, gravely rising to leave the room; "these very extraordinary lines do not appear to be intended for any eye but my own."

"I desire, however, to see these *very extraordinary lines*," said he, in a determined tone. "Your father has withdrawn himself from the hands of justice. The manner of his escape, his present abode————"

"The billet contains no clue to this," answered Emmeline, trembling.

"I will read it, however; I must read it. It is the

commandant who addresses you. I order you to give it to me, or I must employ force."

Pale and trembling, Emmeline complied. The commandant had scarcely cast a glance over it, when he exclaimed, "The devil! this is from the Green Mantle of Venice; the handwriting is the same as that on the three cursed pieces of paper found in the three mantles."

He read it first aloud, then to himself; threw it on the floor with a vehement oath, stamped, gnashed his teeth with rage, and hastened out of the room, banging the door after him with a violence that shook the whole building.

It was some time before Emmeline recovered from the agitation into which she was thrown by this scene. She had merely run her eye over the billet; but she had seen enough to convince her that the lines bore some allusion to the commandant himself, and hence her objection to show them to him: at length, recollecting herself, she took them up from the ground, and read these words:

"Your father is in safety: as a proof of it, I send you the enclosed lines written by his own hand. He is innocent of the crime imputed to him. The whole results from the stupidity and wickedness of the wretch who imprisoned him, and whom I will in time overtake with my vengeance. He fears the spirits of the other world; he shall learn to tremble at them. I am acquainted with his villanies; and when I am again permitted to leave my dark abode, a fearful chastisement shall overtake him.

"THE GREEN MANTLE OF VENICE."

In about an hour the commandant sent to Emmeline, requesting her to transmit to him the mysterious billet under seal. He cut off the beginning, as far as the words

which more immediately related to himself, and sent it by a courier to Venice, addressed to the house of Sponseri, desiring to be informed whether they knew the handwriting, and whose it was. In as short a time as possible an answer arrived from old Sponseri, stating that the enclosure was undoubtedly the handwriting of his deceased son Guilielmo, but that he was unable to tell at what time or on what occasion it could have been written.

The commandant began to look within. He found himself unable to account in any way for what had passed, without at length admitting the belief of the supernatural interference of the Green Mantle of Venice. Impressed with the idea that he should, either before or after death, be punished by this terrible being, he resolved immediately to set about making all the reparation in his power for his misdeeds. His first act was to refund the two thousand dollars, without farther importunity; and from this time he became so condescending, so accommodating, and so forbearing in the exercise of his duty, that nobody in the town could comprehend the meaning of this sudden change.

Most people attributed it to the altered state of political affairs. The situation of the French army occupying the south of Germany became at this time very precarious, in consequence of the turn which matters had taken in the north. The appeal of the King of Prussia to the warlike youth of his dominions sounded throughout the whole of Germany, and awakened the fire of patriotism in many a heart. The noblest youths flocked to Breslau to fight under Prussian colours, impatient to take an active part in the contest which was to give freedom and tranquillity to Europe. Every day brought the most encouraging accounts of the zeal and activity displayed in every quarter.

"I must hence," said Wilmsen, one evening, in a convivial circle of his young friends; "and let those whose hearts lie in the right place, and who love their country, follow me." They unanimously rose, and pledged themselves by hand and word to accompany him to Breslau, and there to enrol themselves among the Prussian volunteers. The health of the King was deeply pledged in Rhenish by the new comrades; the time and place of meeting were arranged, that they might set out together on their journey into Silesia, and the strictest secrecy with regard to their movements was enjoined. When the party was about to break up, Stark, the most sentimental of their number, stepped into the midst of them, and raising his glass, drank—"Fidelity in those we love, a modest parting kiss, and a happy re-union!" Every one drank a bumper, amidst loud cheers, to the health of their heroines, and Wilmsen, deeply affected, pressed the hand of the young enthusiast.

Stipps was ready to drop with astonishment and terror when Wilmsen communicated to him his resolution, under an injunction of secrecy. "Mr. Wilmsen," said he, laying both his hands on the shoulders of the young man, "what an unfortunate step you have taken! War and commerce have nothing to do with each other, and never will have; a merchant can never make a soldier. If you wish to do something for the general cause, let it be with money, but save your blood and your limbs. When you are on the road to happiness and fortune, do not go and wantonly throw away your life."

"To fortune!" said Wilmsen, doubtfully.

"You cannot miss it," answered Stipps, familiarly. "I have hitherto been silent on this subject, because it did not become me to speak first, but I can now refrain

no longer. Our Emmeline—why do you colour so, Mr. Wilmsen? there is nothing to blush for—she has still, notwithstanding the losses our house has experienced, her good half million! And what a girl!—do you know another half so beautiful or half so good, in the whole city?"

"Leave off jesting," said Wilmsen, "we have more serious matters to talk about. The rich heiress of half a million is destined for something higher; and, even if I had been dazzled by her charms, I have sense enough to be aware, Mr. Stipps, that she would have looked upon any proposal from a poor fellow like me as absolute madness."

"By Heaven, you are mistaken!" cried Stipps, growing half angry: "I would wager all I am worth in the world that she would not say No. I have heard too much from the old lady her aunt; I have seen too much of her behaviour towards you, to have the least doubt of it."

The simplicity of Stipps prevented his perceiving the treachery he was guilty of to Emmeline, or the impression which his words made upon Wilmsen. The latter concealed within his own bosom the pleasing emotions which they excited, and merely said: "The plan I have engaged in must be executed immediately, or we may be betrayed. I set out this evening with my friends. I shall give up my accounts into your hands. Will you acquaint Emmeline of my intention? Not a word to any one besides."

Stipps muttered and shook his head, and Wilmsen left him.

When Wilmsen returned, Emmeline desired to speak to him. He saw plainly that she had been weeping: this confirmation of what Stipps had asserted was welcome to his heart. She gave him her hand, saying, in a

mournful tone of voice: "You are going to leave us, then, dear Wilmsen! I thought that, for the sake of our house, you would have stayed with us; but still I honour your resolution: our private advantage ought not to be put in competition with the public welfare. It is a fearful time; thousands"—she continued, while her eyes filled with tears—"thousands must be sacrificed ere the crisis is past. You go," she added more firmly, after a short pause, "to offer yourself upon the altar of patriotism and loyalty—on this holy altar offer likewise what I have to give." She delivered to him all her jewels and ornaments, and a considerable sum in gold. "I cannot, like you, offer my blood and my life at the shrine; but when wives and daughters assemble in the churches to offer up their prayers for the safety of those they love"—she stopped, overcome by her feelings. Wilmsen seized her hand, and pressing it to his lips, cried, "Yes, dearest, heavenly girl, pray for me, and God will be with me. This moment, Emmeline"—he never before thus familiarly addressed her—"this moment repays me for all I have hitherto suffered in this house. A few hours only now are mine. My situation here is changed: I no longer see in you the respected daughter of my patron—Emmeline, my Emmeline is before me. From the moment—I may now at least speak freely—from the moment when I knelt near you at the altar, every feeling has been devoted to you. The consciousness of my inferiority of station, of my poverty, added to the coldness and occasional haughtiness of your manner towards me, has hitherto repressed every hope which my vanity might at other times have suggested. But now, in these few last moments, I am richly recompensed by these tears for all that love and duty have imposed upon me."

"The coldness and haughtiness of my manner!" repeated Emmeline, shaking her head and smiling through her tears: "My dear friend, how little you know of the female heart! Perhaps we see each other now for the last time; let there be no longer any mystery between us. The coldness of which you complain was occasioned only by the caution I was compelled to observe towards all your sex, in consequence of the fortune I was known to possess, the various suits to which I must be exposed, and the secluded nature of my education. If I had been poor, the sincerity of my attachment would have been obvious; but being rich, I was obliged to be reserved. Towards you I had also other reasons for it."

She ceased and laid her hand upon her heart: Wilmsen placed it upon his. "Other reasons!" cried he; "you have promised that there shall be no concealment now."

"Your excessive diffidence made you blind, or you would not ask for other reasons. You might have found them," added she, casting down her eyes, "in yourself."

"Oh, Emmeline!" cried Wilmsen, pressing her to his breast, "speak the delightful word. Tell me what you mean."

"Wilmsen," she answered trembling, and in a low voice, "it was your part first to tell me that you loved me."

"My own Emmeline!" cried Wilmsen, overcome with joy; and a kiss sealed the union of the happy pair.

The lovers had a thousand things to tell each other: Wilmsen, hitherto so distant, was all cordiality and affection, and developed the amiable and, till now, unknown qualities of his glowing heart in a thousand ways. A cloud, however, all at once overcast his soul; Emmeline

perceived the change, and anxiously inquired the cause. "Your father," replied Wilmsen, dubiously, "will he approve our love?" "His only wish," rejoined Emmeline, with a sweet smile, "is for the happiness of his child, and without you I shall never find it in this world. He is acquainted with my sentiments, and he approves them. A few days before the unfortunate affair of the courier, Count Blütenstein called on my father, and solicited my hand for his son, the Chamberlain. My father's vanity seemed flattered by the proposal; he painted the young gentleman's good qualities in the most glowing colours; adding, that he should be gratified if this match accorded with my wishes, as he trusted it would, since I could not have any reasonable objection to the young Count, on the score of his talents, person and accomplishments. My answer, that I had no dislike to the Count, but that I never could love him, made my father a little angry.—'You love nobody,' said he peevishly; and was going to leave the room, when I mustered courage and confessed my attachment to you. He was staggered at first, but afterwards observed that he thought he had several times perceived in me a partiality to you. Though you were poor, yet—but why should I repeat to your face all his warm commendations of your integrity, your talents and usefulness? In short he declared that, if I loved you so sincerely as to prefer you to the young Count, and you entertained similar sentiments in regard to me, he would cheerfully consent to our union."

At this explanation Wilmsen's fears were dispelled, and gave place to the most ardent joy.

Thus passed one of the happiest hours of their lives. It was, perhaps, the last they should spend together. Both avoided the subject of parting. "You were talk-

ing this morning," at length said Emmeline, "about going to Breslau: "you have given up that idea now, I hope?" "Emmeline," replied Wilmsen, "rend not my heart with that question! I must go. I gave my word of honour, when life was of no value to me, because at that time I doubted your love; now, that I am just beginning to live, I am compelled to keep it." He explained to her so forcibly that honour and duty alike forbade him to desert the comrades whom he had himself enlisted in the cause, warmly assuring her at the same time it would now be much more agreeable to him to stay than to go, that Emmeline suddenly rose, and fell about his neck. "No," said she, tenderly, "go; I am sensible that you cannot, must not be left behind. A thousand mothers, sisters, wives and brides will have to endure the same trial as I shall. My prayers shall attend you: I shall be ever with you!"

The moment of departure arrived. Wilmsen had fixed upon an inn about twelve miles from the city as the place of rendezvous for his young friends, who were to meet there at four in the afternoon. To this inn Emmeline, accompanied by her aunt, to whom she had in a few words explained the footing on which she now stood with Wilmsen, attended her lover. Here carriages and horses were in readiness to convey the volunteers with all possible despatch beyond the frontiers; for on account of the daily departure of youths who travelled northward to join the Prussian armies, the commandant began to keep a very watchful eye on the young people of the place.

At the inn sixteen high-spirited companions were waiting for Wilmsen, who was received by them with loud huzzas. They urged the utmost despatch, lest they should

be overtaken and detained by the commandant. The moment of separation soon arrived. Friends of both sexes had accompanied most of the young adventurers from the city. The scene was deeply affecting. Wilmsen and Emmeline mutually vowed unchangeable affection: she was ready to faint, as he pressed her for the last time to her bosom; when Wilmsen, intoxicated with the happiness of finding himself so tenderly loved by her, confided to her ear the secret which had lain so long buried in his faithful heart. "Emmeline," whispered he: "I am not Wilmsen—I am Guilielmo Sponseri, the Green Mantle of Venice."

At this moment there was a general cry of—"The *gens d'armes* are coming!" All eyes were instantly turned towards the city, and they actually beheld at a distance a detachment of those banditti approaching. The young volunteers jumped into the carriages that were waiting for them: Stark tore Wilmsen from the arms of Emmeline, who was agitated almost to frenzy by the parting disclosure; and forcing him into a post-chaise, away they drove, with such a speed as to be soon safe from the pursuit of the *gens d'armes*, whose horses were too much jaded to proceed.

Emmeline lay in a deep swoon. The horrid execrations of the military, on account of their disappointment, recalled her to life, and to a sense of her forlorn situation. "Guilielmo Sponseri!" she repeatedly exclaimed, as though awaking from a frightful dream, and shuddering at the idea of having beheld that mysterious being returned from the grave: but the recollection of his warm lips, his sparkling eyes, his fervent embrace, soon stifled her rising horror, and convinced her that her young and handsome lover could not be the same being who

was so unaccountably implicated in the history of her house.

On her return home the whole town was filled with rejoicing. Orders had been received an hour before that all the military quartered there should break up the next morning, and proceed by forced marches to the north, where the warlike preparations of the Russians and Prussians gave reason to apprehend the speedy commencement of hostilities. The commandant himself packed up his baggage: and, by the dawn of the following day, the whole city was cleared of its uninvited guests. Emmeline sorrowfully beheld them pass, for her fears represented to her that all those thousands of murderous weapons were about to be pointed at the heart of her Guilielmo. She could not recover her composure the whole day. In the evening, fatigued with weeping and with the vagaries of her powerfully excited imagination, she was sitting alone at dusk, thinking of her absent lover, when some one gently rapped at the door, and in walked old Tobias.

Emmeline started from her seat with horror and astonishment. Tobias—who had been found with his throat cut—who had been dragged half putrified from the water—who had been recognised by so many—and who had then been consigned to the grave—Tobias now stood neatly and sprucely dressed before her, and said with his usual simper: "Don't be frightened Miss Emmeline, it is only I."

"Good heaven! how is that possible?" exclaimed Emmeline, who durst not believe her senses. Tobias then briefly related his adventures.

On that dreadful day when Emmeline's father was taken into custody, Wilmsen had thus addressed him:—"Your master is accused of murder; to-morrow he is to

be tried by a military commission—or in other words, to-morrow he will be shot. You are a worthy soul, and we all rely upon you. The * * * * have the watch; you are acquainted with these men; give them this wine as if from your master. Be sure not to taste it yourself, and leave them by eleven o'clock. It will not kill any of the rascals, but it may throw them into a pretty long nap. When your master sees that the guard is asleep he will probably avail himself of the opportunity to attempt his escape; and, if he succeeds, depend upon it you shall be handsomely rewarded. You must not go home to-night; but to the house of the executioner, and there wait till I bring you farther instructions."

Rebecca, the executioner's daughter, must have been previously apprised of the coming of old Tobias, for she sat up for him, and leading him softly to an out-building in the rear of the house, and silencing the dogs kept in it, she made him up a couch of horse and cow hides.

"In the morning," continued old Tobias, "the *gens d'armes* arrived, and asked Rebecca, who was at the window, whether she had seen any thing of Mr. Mellinger, who had escaped in the night, and, as they were told, had taken this way. Rebecca declared that she had seen no person, for she was but just up. 'The fellow may nevertheless be here at last,' said one of the soldiers dismounting. 'Open the door,' cried another, 'we must have a search.' As I could hear all that passed, I trembled in every limb; for if the scoundrels had found me in my hiding-place, it would have been all over with poor Tobias.

"Rebecca immediately shut the window, and opening the house-door, out bounced at least a score of tremendous big dogs, barking most furiously. The man who had

dismounted was on his horse again in a trice. 'Call off the dogs,' cried his companions; 'the savage brutes bite like devils.' 'They don't mind me,' replied Rebecca, 'and there is nobody else in the house.' At that moment a dog seized one of the *gens d'armes* by the leg. He was preparing to fire at the animal, 'Fire away,' cried Rebecca, pointedly; 'the dogs belong to our prince: we are obliged to send them twice a week to your Marshal to hunt with. You will get yourselves into a fine scrape with him; for he is much fonder of the dogs, than of you.' '*Sacre nom de Dieu!*' cried the fellows; and away they gallopped, boiling with rage, and pursued to a considerable distance by the dogs, while Rebecca stood laughing and clapping her hands. She declared that if she had but set them on, the creatures would have torn every man of them to pieces.

"In about a fortnight Rebecca one night called me up, and told me that I was to get into a carriage at the door, in which I found a gentleman who did not speak a word. Next morning, when it grew light, I perceived that it was Mr. Wachokovich, the wine-merchant at the corner of our street. We travelled with the utmost speed to Hermanstadt, in Transylvania, where he had business to transact, and there I lived under another name at the house of his parents. He told me that search was making for me, as I was charged with having given poison to the soldiers, and that while the enemy was in the country it would not be safe to return. Three weeks since, Mr. Wachokovich, senior, was about to set off for this city: I could not stay any longer, and begged that he would take me with him. Before we arrived I heard that the commandant was still here; I therefore stopped at Rebecca's, and through her acquainted Mr. Wilmsen

with my return. The girl was frightened when she first saw me. She insisted that I had drowned myself in the river, and that my body had been found and buried. Mr. Wilmsen, who came this afternoon to see me, solved the mystery. Merely with a view to recover the two thousand dollars which he had been obliged to deposit with the commandant on my account, he had confirmed the notion that I was the drowned man; many who knew better, to oblige him and to trick the commandant, coincided in the story, and so Mr. Wilmsen saved his money, and secured me from the farther pursuit of the *gens d'armes.*"

"And where is my father?" eagerly asked Emmeline, who had listened to this story with the most intense interest.

"I know not a word about him," rejoined Tobias with a look of concern. "He certainly went through the yard behind the executioner's house, for Rebecca saw him; but whither, God above knows."

The entrance of the parents of little Charlotte interrupted this conversation. The child had hitherto observed the strictest silence in regard to the murder of the courier. Her father and mother had often tried by persuasions, entreaties, and threats, to induce her to relate the circumstances, but her constant reply was: "If I do, I shall be shot." Now that the commandant and his troops had marched away, and everybody assured her that the crew would never return, she felt herself at liberty, and gave a circumstantial account of the whole affair. They therefore lost no time in acquainting Emmeline with every particular connected with the tragic story.

Mr. Mellinger was driving through the wood, when the child perceived a beetle, of the species called by

naturalists *scarabæus sabulosus*,* and as it was very beautiful, she wished to have it. The old gentleman made her hold the reins while he alighted, and, having caught the insect, ran a pin through its body and fastened it to the elbow of the chaise. Such was the whole story of the atrocious murder.

The commandant would most likely have released Mr. Mellinger the next morning, had he not escaped in the night. He was probably apprehensive of incurring a severe reprimand from his superiors, and the ridicule of the public, on account of the blunder which he had committed; and it was for this reason that he had threatened the child with death if she uttered a syllable concerning the affair. The story soon spread throughout the city and the adjacent country, and there was not a soul but heartily rejoiced in this confirmation of the innocence of Mr. Mellinger.

Emmeline now thought of acquainting her father, through the medium of the public papers, that he might return without danger, when he spared her the trouble, and arrived one evening safe and sound, to the great joy of his daughter and his whole house. After his escape he had first proceeded to Raab in Hungary, and thence to Smyrna, where he lived in perfect security under a fictitious name. On the subject of his escape, or the interference of the Green Mantle, of which no secret was made by the loquacious jailer and his daughter, Mr. Mellinger would not say a word. "Think no more of

* This is a well-known species with elytra. It is green on the back, and each of the elytra has five white spots. The lower part of the body, the legs, and the antennæ, are copper-coloured, with a bluish tinge. It is found on sandy soils, is very swift, and is thence vulgarly called, in Germany, the Courier.

that," said he abruptly; "time, it is to be hoped, will clear up the mystery. There are many things in the world which seem to border on the supernatural, but which are as simple in reality as the affair of the courier."

He deeply regretted the departure of Wilmsen, especially since every one spoke of him in the highest terms. Emmeline longed to be alone with her father, that she might acquaint him with her wishes and the secret of her love. At length, late in the evening, an opportunity occurred. Her father had, during his absence, lost much of his calculating habits; he was all kindness and affection. In a transport of joy at finding his affairs in the most prosperous train, and his only child blooming in health and rich in charms and virtues, he pressed her to his enraptured heart. "My poor girl," said he, "you have gone through a great deal here, but God has protected you. When far away, you were daily present to my thoughts, and the daily subject of my prayers. I have learned that wealth is perishable, and that man is a miserable being, when he has none about him that he loves; and therefore, in the hours of dreary solitude, I have often vowed to reward the filial tenderness with which you soothe my old age by the gratification of your wishes to the utmost in my power. Tell me, my dear, how can I contribute to your happiness?"

Thus encouraged, Emmeline revealed the secrets of her heart, reserving only the parting words of Guilielmo. Her father again clasped her in his arms. "Wilmsen is poor," replied he in a kind tone; "but he is a clever, industrious, and worthy young man. You love him. If God preserves his life amidst the dangers of his new career, and he remains faithful to you, I will bless your union."

I became acquainted with Guilielmo at Breslau. After the battle of Culm, I met him again among the wounded in the hospital at Töplitz. He had been shot through the left foot, and was lying, with many more of my friends, on straw. He recollected me the moment I entered, and called me to his side. He was extremely pale, and his dark eyes appeared more brilliant than ever. Over him was accidentally spread a green mantle, lent to him by an officer of a rifle regiment. I expressed my joy at finding him, in spite of his wound, in such excellent spirits. While we were thus conversing, we heard the rustling of straw on the opposite side of the room: it was a French officer who had been severely wounded and taken prisoner. He raised his seamed and ghastly face, and wildly staring for some time at my friend, he suddenly exclaimed:—"By all the devils, the Green Mantle of Venice! I know the terrific being!" vociferated he, in the frenzy of his fever, tearing the bloody bandages from his dissevered head; "the eternal night of death is the first day of the torments of hell."

With these words, foaming at the mouth, he rent open with his hands the three sabre wounds in his shattered skull, sunk back with a heart-piercing shriek on the straw, and expired in frightful convulsions. I sprang up and hastened to him, but he was dead.

Guilielmo recognised in him his old acquaintance the commandant, and related to me many of the atrocities by which he has doomed himself to eternal infamy. At this moment I was summoned to another room, where several more of my friends lay wounded: next morning, all such as could be removed were sent off to Prague, and thus I had no opportunity of obtaining an explanation of the mysterious expressions of the commandant.

Some time afterwards my duty led me to Prague. There I met with hundreds of acquaintance belonging to our army, who had been wounded and conveyed thither. and who were then, through the assiduous attention of the inhabitants, in a state of convalescence. So long as the history of my country exists, so long will it record, with the warmest gratitude, the humanity and kindness which the excellent females of Prague lavished on our sick and wounded. I inquired after Wilmsen, and was directed to a mansion, where, I was told, he had been treated as one of the family. I hastened thither; and there I found him, with an elderly gentleman on one side, and a most lovely girl on the other—Mr. Mellinger and Emmeline. They had arrived but a few days before, to convey home the young soldier, who was declared incapable of farther service.

All his friends, and half the city, as he afterwards wrote to me, went as far as the inn above mentioned to meet him. He was the only individual of the place who had fought at the bloody battle of Culm under the victorious banners of German freedom. He was drawn in triumph into the town. The possession of Emmeline now rewards him.

The assertion at the outset that the story which the reader has here perused is perfectly true, renders it incumbent on me to subjoin a few explanatory observations respecting those circumstances which seem to have been the effects of supernatural agency, and which might, perhaps, otherwise produce a mischievous impression on weak minds.

Guilielmo was destined by his father to marry Emmeline, with her fortune of two millions of dollars. Though

he had no other attachment, he felt the greatest repugnance to unite himself for life to a person whom he had never seen, merely for the sake of money, with which Heaven had already amply provided him, and without any reference to her person, or to the qualities of her heart and mind.

Out of filial duty, and because his father and all the senior clerks in his counting-house assured him that old Mellinger was an able merchant, of whom much was to be learned, he left Venice to complete his mercantile education under that gentleman, and, at the same time, to see his daughter Emmeline. If he did not like her, he intended to acquaint his father frankly with his sentiments, and to beg him to relinquish his matrimonial speculation.

Some stages before he reached the place where Mr. Mellinger resided, Guilielmo met with young Wilmsen from Bremen. As both were of a lively, open disposition, they soon became acquainted, and went, on their arrival, to the same inn, where they had a room between them.

Guilielmo had received directions from his father, who had apprised old Mellinger that his son was coming, to call upon the latter immediately on his arrival; but, before he went to his house, he determined to make some inquiries concerning him and Emmeline. He conceived that his object would be the more easily accomplished, if he were to assume the name of Wilmsen, who was too ill to quit his chamber. Wilmsen, to whom Guilielmo explained his reason for this change of name, and who received from him the utmost kindness and attention, could not refuse to pass for the rich Sponseri; and thus the one was taken for the other.

Emmeline, according to the information obtained by

Guilielmo, was very beautiful and accomplished, modest, good-tempered, and benevolent: in short, all concurred in her praise. Some, it is true, added that she seemed to hold her head rather too high; and others intimated that she had, indeed, had many admirers, but they supposed nothing short of a count or a duke would be accepted. Of the father he heard nothing but what was bad: people went too far, perhaps, in their censure, and denied him a single good quality. The greatest part of his wealth, they said, was amassed by usury, extortion, and the most unjust means. They asserted, that when an opportunity for lucrative speculation presented itself, no consideration could deter him from engaging in it.

Guilielmo, brought up in principles of religion and integrity, resolved to have nothing to do with any of the family: though he might, perhaps, like Emmeline, yet her fortune could not bring any blessing along with it, since it had been unjustly acquired. He thanked Heaven that he had not introduced himself to Mr. Mellinger, and determined to return home; but an accident changed his mind.

On the birthday of his beloved mother, Guilielmo entered the cathedral and knelt down before the high altar to offer up his prayers for her happiness. On rising from the performance of this pious duty, his glance fell upon a female, kneeling at a little distance on the step above him, and wrapt in deep devotion. The fervent piety of her attitude and demeanour during the solemn service, and the exquisite beauty of her youthful face and figure, made an extraordinary impression upon him; and he protested within himself that he had never beheld so lovely a creature.

When the service was over, the stranger rose and left

the church. Guilielmo followed her at a distance. He saw her bestow charity on each of the cripples and mendicants who beset the porch of the cathedral; and silently admired the gestures, the gait, nay, every movement, of the fair unknown. She turned into the street in which Mr. Mellinger resided. "If that"—thought Guilielmo, and smiled without finishing the idea, for was it not possible that a hundred handsome young ladies might live in the same street with Mr. Mellinger? She presently crossed over, with light step, to that side of the street on which the merchant's house stood. "If that were Emmeline"—thought he again, and his eye followed her with the most intense anxiety. As she approached Mr. Mellinger's, the neighbours all saluted her respectfully: she must live close by, that was evident. She stopped at his door—she knocked—Tobias opened it, and the angel disappeared. "If that were Emmeline," repeated he in a low tone, standing still, with nothing but Mr. Mellinger's house in his eye, and nothing but the lovely stranger in his heart. He soon ascertained by his inquiries that the latter was, indeed, no other than Emmeline.

From this moment, his views were completely changed. With his wonted promptitude, he formed a plan for obtaining admission into Mr. Mellinger's house under a feigned name, that he might become better acquainted with Emmeline; and intending, if he could gain her affections, merely for his own sake, while she was ignorant of his circumstances, to offer her his hand. He would afterwards employ all the means in his power to induce her father to abandon his unjust dealings, to make reparation wherever he had done injury, to restore all that he had not honourably acquired, and to become a bet-

ter man. Then, indeed, he thought the blessing of Heaven might rest upon his union with Emmeline.

This plan was soon formed: in his opinion it was excellent; but no small difficulties attended the execution. Upon some pretext or other, Guilielmo might possibly obtain access to Mr. Mellinger, once, twice, or three times, to speak to him on business, and there their acquaintance would end; but as to seeing Emmeline, that was quite out of the question, as she usually sat in her own apartment, and her father received all visitors who called on matters of business in his counting-house.

The sudden death of young Wilmsen, by the rupture of a blood-vessel, suggested to Guilielmo, goaded by passion and solicited for the reformation of Mr. Mellinger, the mad scheme with which the reader is already acquainted. He had heard the report that the counting-house was haunted, and he surmised that this notion might have originated in its vicinity to the church of the dissolved nunnery. In this way, he conceived, and in no other, was it possible to work upon the old gentleman: how he was to proceed in regard to Emmeline he had not yet settled.

The green mantle in which he appeared the first night to Mr. Mellinger belonged to Wilmsen. The dead hand was procured for him from an anatomical theatre, by a young surgeon, with whom he had become acquainted at the *table d'hôte*, and chalk had done all that was necessary for his face.

The porter at the Sun inn had seen the Green Mantle quit the house, but not come back; for, after his appearance to Mr. Mellinger, Guilielmo returned to Wilmsen, with the mantle closely rolled up, and concealed under his arm. He spread it over the corpse, and thrust the

receipt of Mr. Mellinger into the sleeve. The iron wicket to the church-yard was not opened from within, as the eyes of old Tobias had, in his fright, represented to him.

The letter to old Sponseri was not forwarded to Venice, but given back to Guilielmo, on his application at the post-office. As he produced the seal and handwriting at the office, no scruple was made to deliver the letter to him.

The letter from Venice, brought by express, was written and sent by Guilielmo to an acquaintance who lived on the road thither, with a request that he would despatch it by special messenger, and free of expense, to Mr. Mellinger. Guilielmo, when he took the trouble, could imitate his father's hand so exactly that nobody could distinguish the one from the other. The object of this letter was to confirm Mr. Mellinger in his belief of the reality of the apparition, and to strengthen the good effect produced by his words on the mind of the old gentleman.

Without any precise plan, but merely in case he should have occasion to remind Mr. Mellinger of the apparition, Guilielmo had two other green mantles, made exactly like that which was buried with young Wilmsen, and in which the uppermost button was wanting; he, therefore, cut off the top button of the other two. He then wrote, in a feigned hand, the Italian billet, with reference to the undue means by which Mr. Mellinger had accumulated the greatest part of his property; tore it in three pieces, and shortly before the interment of young Wilmsen, put one of the fragments into the pocket of the mantle, which was buried with the deceased.

He had not yet fixed in his own mind the purpose to which the two other mantles were to be applied. He

hoped that some opportunity would present itself for his appearing again to Mr. Mellinger; he would then leave the second mantle behind; and, as all good things ought to be three in number, if the old usurer still persisted in his hard-hearted courses, he might visit him a third time and drop the third mantle: after which, in the character of Wilmsen, he would seek to contrive matters so that the first mantle should be dug up again, and the paper in it be compared with the pieces in the two other mantles. In this case he fully expected that the contents of the whole paper would shake the inmost soul of the selfish and avaricious Mellinger, and produce the desired effect. He hoped to induce him to apply so much of his fortune as he had amassed by unjust means to beneficent purposes; he would next endeavour, if, upon farther acquaintance with Emmeline he found the qualities of her heart to correspond with those of her person, to win her affections under the character of a young man of no property —and then, and not till then, did he hope, that the wealth of her father, thus purified, would bring a blessing upon himself and Emmeline.

The advertisement in the newspapers afforded him the wished-for opportunity of an introduction into Mr. Mellinger's house.

The appearance of the first green mantle was attended with such beneficial effects, that there was no need for the other two. Guilielmo acquired, by his intelligence and usefulness, such an ascendency over the mind of his employer, which was deeply affected by the words of the supposed apparition, that, in the character of young Wilmsen, he had occasion only for friendly remonstrances, or the observation that God takes account of all our actions and judges us accordingly, to keep his awakened con-

science in that path into which the Green Mantle had conducted it.

The losses which befel Mr. Mellinger were a real cordial to Guilielmo. He regarded them as circumstances that were indispensably necessary for purifying his property of his unjust acquisitions. What remained after these losses might, according to his ideas, be about as much as the old gentleman had amassed by honest and honourable means. The conversation on this subject between him and Guilielmo, in which the latter dissembled his opinion merely for the purpose of sounding his employer, served to convince him that Mr. Mellinger's disposition was really changed, and that he considered his losses as judgments of the Almighty.

About this time Guilielmo had thoughts of discovering himself. He had, from the first, made his father acquainted with his plan and his motives for adopting it. Old Sponseri approved the latter, though, as a sober, sedate man, he could not exactly commend the contrivance of the apparition: but since what was done could not be undone, and as the affair had produced the best effect on the character of old Mellinger, he left his son to pursue the career he had marked out for himself, and to gain the affections of Emmeline under the name of Wilmsen. Sincerely, therefore, did he rejoice with his wife when Guilielmo wrote as follows:—"Now I am convinced by a hundred little circumstances of Emmeline's attachment —now let Mr. Guilielmo Sponseri of Venice, with a hundred still more wealthy suitors from all parts of the world, repair hither to solicit her hand, I am confident that Emmeline will refuse them all, if poor Wilmsen of Bremen but says to her 'Be mine!' Her father is a totally different man from what he was. All those who formerly

hated him now speak of him with affection and respect. I shall very soon resign the name of Wilmsen to its deceased owner, and make my appearance as your son. I will declare to the father, the daughter, and the public, that I assumed it, to be sure that Emmeline loved me for my own sake, and not on account of the wealth with which Heaven has blessed us, and all will approve the innocent disguise. I shall only wait for a seasonable opportunity to unmask, and I think I shall choose Emmeline's birth-day, which is the last day of next month, for the purpose."

The execution of this plan was prevented by the arrival of the *corps d'armée* mentioned in the narrative. In those turbulent times a union with Emmeline was not to be thought of. It was more prudent, also, to pass, in the then state of political affairs, as the obscure Wilmsen, than to avow himself the son of the rich Sponseri of Venice, which was groaning under the same military despotism.

Guilielmo was incensed beyond expression by the suspicion thrown upon old Mellinger respecting the murder of the courier. He had conceived a strong attachment to him on account of his altered conduct; he deemed him incapable of the crime with which he was charged; and was acquainted from experience at Venice with the extreme rapacity of the French generals: he knew that there were no means to which they would not resort, to fleece the opulent and to enrich themselves. He doubted, indeed, whether there was any design against the old man's life; but then who could tell what was the real cause of his apprehension? The charge of having murdered the courier could not but be a mere pretext for securing his person. Perhaps in some of his letters—and all

letters were then opened—he had dropped a word respecting Napoleon or his agents; an indiscretion which, for a man of his wealth, might be visited with the forfeiture of many thousands; or—well aware of Mr. Mellinger's inveterate hatred to the French—he conceived that he might have been induced by it to enter into a prohibited correspondence with some person in Russia or Prussia, or even into contracts for the supply of the armies in those countries. In this case the military commission would not fail to pass sentence of death on him, and the whole of his property would be confiscated. He must therefore be rescued, cost what it would. Ingenuity, promptitude and decision, devoted friends, and the liberal application of money, were the spells by which Guilielmo, under the protection of Providence, accomplished the deliverance of the old gentleman.

The first thing he did was to engage one of his most intimate friends, young Carera, the banker, to invite the commandant to an entertainment at his country-house, six or seven miles from town, where the rest of the company who were in the plot, and consisted chiefly of convivial spirits, were to ply him so briskly with wine as to render him incapable of any kind of business. By this expedient Guilielmo gained time, and insured the absence of this wretch from the city.

In the course of the afternoon, several officers rode over to obtain the necessary orders for examining Mr. Mellinger's papers; but the commandant piqued himself on his cunning in having obliged Mr. Mellinger to give up the keys of his chest, which he had at that moment in his own pocket, so that it was impossible for any suspicious papers to be removed. He therefore begged the officers to make themselves perfectly easy on that score, and to

sit down and fill their glasses, sagely observing that there would be another day after the present, and then they could go to Mellinger's house, rummage his chests, and turn every thing topsy-turvy. Carera and his boon companions, all devoted friends of Wilmsen's, loudly applauded the ingenuity of the commandant, pressed the officers to join them, briskly circulated the bottle, and, to blind them more completely, inveighed against Mellinger as though they had been his bitterest enemies.

Young Stark, one of Guilielmo's bosom friends, naturally quiet and reserved, and therefore neither remarked when pressed to attend such bouts as this nor missed when absent, hazarded a stroke which, had it failed, might have cost him his life. The commandant, incommoded by the heat of the day, and that occasioned by the old Chambertin and St. Perai, the Jurançon and Alicante which he had swallowed, complained several times of the tightness of his uniform. Stark jocosely brought him a light nankeen morning-gown belonging to the master of the house, and begged him to put it on, adding, it was but right that he, as king of the feast, should be placed as much as possible at his ease. As the rest joined in this request, the commandant exchanged his cloth coat, heavy with gold, for the more commodious gown, and again sat down to enjoy himself without restraint.

Stark hung the uniform in an adjoining apartment, took Mr. Mellinger's keys out of the pocket, sprung upon Carera's English hunter, which was standing ready saddled, galloped to the town, and delivered the keys to the astonished Guilielmo, that he might remove all suspicious papers and secure the cash in the chest.

Meanwhile Guilielmo had not been idle. Pallasch, the

jailer, and Sergeant Wöllmar, had been induced, by a handful of gold apiece, to admit Guilielmo for a quarter of an hour to Mr. Mellinger. The latter had not the least notion of the cause of his apprehension. The report of the murder of the courier was now first communicated to him by Guilielmo, and he solemnly declared that he had not been engaged in any correspondence or intercourse whatever with the enemies of the French. He acknowledged, that at first he was quite confounded, but merely from terror at the suddenness of the event; now, however, he felt more easy, being conscious that he had not committed any offence, and confidently expecting that, on his examination in the morning, his innocence would be so evident that he should be set at liberty. Guilielmo, however, was not so sanguine. He observed that there had been instances enough, in which the French had not scrupled to sacrifice men quite as innocent as Mr. Mellinger; that it was a very hazardous experiment to trust to their tender mercies; and when once out of their clutches, his life, at least, would be safe. He therefore desired him to expect him at twelve that night, and to follow implicitly his directions.

Guilielmo then sounded Pallasch and Wollmar. The latter was luckily an infuriate enemy to the French, who thoroughly detested the mean, rapacious commandant. Guilielmo offered them large sums if they would assist him in his plans. Pallasch was soon gained over. Wollmar, as far as regarded himself, was also well disposed to forward his views; but he was at a loss how to secure the connivance of the guard under his orders, or how to screen them from the punishment that would infallibly await them. "If, indeed," added he, half in jest, "we could but trump up some ghost-story, and tell them

that a spirit had carried off the prisoner—the rascals have such thick heads you might batter down walls with them —they would believe any thing, and swear through thick and thin that they had even seen the spectre. Then, as to the commandant, he is only an old woman, who believes in fortune-telling, astrology, omens, and all sorts of nonsense—and why should he not believe in a ghost-story too?"

These words decided Guilielmo. He told them that the Green Mantle of Venice should effect the release of the old gentleman; observing, that this was a spirit who was known to have already performed some feats in their town, and therefore the story would gain the more ready belief when it should be asserted that it was he who had liberated the prisoner. Guilielmo now hurried home to make further arrangements, with the special design to contrive that the pieces of the paper deposited in the pockets of the three green mantles, and originally destined for Mr. Mellinger, but equally applicable to the universally execrated commandant, should fall into the hands of the latter. On his arrival he found his friend Stark with the keys. The papers and books he left untouched; because he was assured by Mr. Mellinger, that there was nothing suspicious among them. He took out all the money, excepting about four thousand dollars, and then, putting the third green mantle into the the chest, he locked it, and despatched his friend with the keys. On the back of the piece of paper in the pocket of this mantle, a fragment of which, as we have seen, was buried with the first mantle, he had hastily written in the same hand as the lines in front, the words beginning: "*Pallasch and Wollmar are innocent.*"

To find these words in the inside of a strong iron chest,

the key of which had, as he believed, been in his possession ever since the first minute of Mr. Mellinger's arrest, might well have astonished a man of more good sense and firmness of mind than the commandant could pretend to. Who but a supernatural being could have known by anticipation that Pallasch would have any thing to do with the affair? Who could have guessed the name of the person who would have the command of the guard? The most incredulous would have been at first startled on making such a discovery. The lines had such an effect on the weak mind of the commandant, that he implicitly complied with the injunction of the terrible Green Mantle, and durst not say a single word on the subject to either Pallasch or Wollmar.

Guilielmo, who imagined that Emmeline's first wish would be to see her father, and that their interview might be injurious to his plans, gave the strictest orders to his confidants, Pallasch and Wollmar, not to suffer her to enter the prison. He was himself admitted soon after eleven o'clock by a private way, and introduced, enveloped in a green mantle, into the cell where Mr. Mellinger was confined.

Betty Pallasch was purposely detained by the entertaining stories related by her father and Wollmar, that she might be an additional witness of the appearance of the Green Mantle. Her father had, likewise, told her several times to go to bed, that she might state the circumstance at her examinations; and thus obviate all suspicion of his having intentionally kept her up, that she might attest this or that. The girl could, therefore, swear with a good conscience that she saw the spectre with her own eyes, and heard with her own ears his fearful words.

Wollmar made up so dreadful a story to his soldiers about the Green Mantle, in which he was corroborated by Betty, that they, eager to catch at any excuse for their intoxication and drowsiness, were ready to swear the grossest falsehoods when brought before the commandant.

Guilielmo had taken care to leave the green mantle containing the third fragment of the paper within the prison-door, which Betty had locked; while he retreated with Mr. Mellinger through the side entrance, and proceeded with all speed to the house of his friend Carera, at whose garden-gate a light travelling carriage was waiting, which conveyed Mr. Mellinger, furnished with passports under a feigned name, to Raab, whence he proceeded to Smyrna.

The sentry in front of the prison absconded, because Wollmar had given out that he would infallibly be shot, as he insisted that he had neither seen nor heard any thing of the apparition. He concealed himself in the city, and it was not till after the departure of the commandant that he quitted his hiding-place.

Guilielmo had scented the two mantles with brimstone, and sprinkled them with vitriol, to give them the appearance of being in a state of corruption.

Little Charlotte was brought a second time before the commandant after Mr. Mellinger's escape. It then came out that the old gentleman was perfectly innocent of the supposed murder of the courier; and that the whole affair had originated in a mistake. The commandant was ashamed of having made so much ado about nothing, and fearful lest he should thereby incur public ridicule, he threatened the child with death if ever she disclosed a syllable concerning what had passed, even to her parents. It is probable, too, that he might be desirous of keeping up

the notion of Mr. Mellinger's guilt, in order that he might have a plausible pretext for seizing his property.

Guilielmo had procured a number of persons, by bribery and various means, to depose to the fact of the body which was taken out of the water being that of old Tobias: the multitude went with them without reflection, and the officer before whom the depositions were taken, being one of Guilielmo's stanch friends, was not too particular in his investigation.

The billet which Emmeline received from her father, Guilielmo had that morning received from Smyrna, and he purposely sent it by an unknown messenger, at the time when he knew the commandant was with her.

The courier despatched by the commandant to Venice had been anticipated by a letter from Guilielmo to his father, instructing him in what manner to reply.

Mr. Mellinger's silence on the subject of his escape was occasioned by his having bound himself, by a solemn promise to Guilielmo, not to reveal what had passed till he should absolve him in person. This promise Guilielmo exacted with a view to secure himself and his house at Venice from the resentment of the commandant and his crew: and as Mr. Mellinger, on his return home, had not seen Guilielmo since his escape, he could not then of course have been released by him from his oath. He therefore only feigned at that time still to consider Guilielmo as poor Wilmsen.

So much in explanation of the mysteries of the Green Mantle of Venice.

THE GHOST OF GENERAL MARCEAU.

The corpse of the French general of division, Marçeau, who fell in the battle of Altenkirchen, in the year 1796, was conveyed to Coblentz, and there publicly exhibited, lying in state two successive days, after which it was solemnly interred on a hill near the city, called the Brunnenstube. This hill is directly opposite to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, from which it is parted only by the Rhine.

Scarcely had a fortnight elapsed, when a report was universally circulated that the General's ghost haunted the hill. Several persons declared that they had seen him distinctly, walking, between twelve and one o'clock at night, on the bank of the Rhine, in the chasseur uniform, (which he had usually worn when alive,) and armed with a drawn sabre. The sentries themselves, who were posted in that quarter, had actually been, at different times, obliged to fall back by him. The reflecting part of the inhabitants of Coblentz, indeed, suspected some imposture, but none of them had the heart to sift the matter to the bottom.

At length, there appeared a student, bold and enterprising enough to attempt to cope single-handed with the spirit of this General, who, while living, had been distinguished for his intrepidity. He went accordingly one moonlight night, about eleven o'clock, as he conceived, with due caution, all alone, to the place where the spectre had been frequently seen. His arrangements consisted

solely in arming himself with a sword and pistols, and in concerting with some of his comrades, that, in case he should not return by a certain time, they should go to his assistance. His friends, having waited for him in vain till two o'clock, began to be apprehensive for his safety. Another hour passed, and still he did not come back according to promise; they then went in quest of him, but he was nowhere to be found.

The morning began to dawn, when they met a messenger who had been sent off to them from the neighbouring village. They asked him if he had seen a young gentleman, describing him, anywhere on his way. He replied, that a person, no doubt the same after whom they were inquiring, was lying at Metternich in a violent fever: if so, he was desired to inform them of the circumstance, that they might fetch him away. They immediately hastened thither, curious to hear the history of his adventure with the spirit, and removed him to his own home.

After the young exorcist had somewhat recovered from the vehement fright into which he had been thrown, and completely regained the use of his faculties, he related to them what follows:—

"I had scarcely been a quarter of an hour on the bank of the river, before the spirit appeared in the well-known French chasseur uniform. I went resolutely to meet it, with my drawn sword in one hand, and pistol cocked in the other. The spectre, not in the least daunted, advanced straight towards me, and was not above six paces off, when a horror, that I cannot describe, all at once came over me. My blood curdled; my courage failed me; I dropped, involuntarily, both sword and pistol, and ran as fast as my legs would carry me to Metternich. I wished

several times to look back, to see whether the spectre was pursuing me, but for my life I durst not. Though I am still firmly convinced that this is not a real ghost, yet I was heartily glad when, quite exhausted, I reached the village, and had again some of my fellow-creatures about me."

This awkward adventure, which soon became publicly known, excited a good deal of merriment, but yet not a creature manifested any inclination for a second rencontre with the apparition.

The French commandant of Coblentz at length resolved to investigate the matter more closely. His plan was, after posting sentries at every point, to go in person to meet the spectre. All his arrangements were made with the utmost secrecy, and every man was at his post. Scarcely had the clock at Coblentz struck twelve, when the spirit of the deceased General made its appearance. The commandant, whose heart was in the right place, made directly up to it; and, at the same time, ordered the soldiers, posted at some distance, to advance. They surrounded the ghost, who, nevertheless, fought most furiously, till a brave grenadier, seizing him from behind, held him fast till his comrades, whom he cheered with the assurance that the spectre had flesh and bone, came up to his assistance.

The incarnate spirit was taken alive, disarmed, and carried prisoner to Coblentz, where he was confined in the guard-house. At his examination, the next day, he confessed that he was a waterman, and that he had undertaken to act the part of General Marçeau's ghost, in order that his comrades might, during his appearance in that character, cross the Rhine with greater security, and convey to the blockaded fortress of Ehrenbreitstein supplies of provisions, for which they received a high price.

THE HAUNTED INN.

[The following story, which we recollect to have heard from an uncle of ours, more than thirty years since, will be perused by most of our readers with additional interest, from its evidently being the identical German legend on which is founded the opera of Bellini, "La Sonnambula," to which the talents of Malibran, Mrs. Wood, and Mrs. Seguin, have given such remarkable *eclat*.]

Robert was a rich innkeeper in a town on the Upper Rhine. All at once, however, custom fell off; for travellers who had been in the habit of putting up with him, either avoided the place entirely, or preferred the inferior accommodations of another inn. The cause of this decline was, that his house was haunted by a ghost; and what traveller, weary with his journey, would like to have his rest broken at night by the pranks of a spectre?

Sigismund, a distant relative, who had an eye on the fair Rosina, the only daughter of the host, had of late years been frequently in this house, either on visits to the family, or when travelling upon business. He slept always in the same room, in the upper story; and there he made the discovery, so unlucky to his kinsman, that the house was haunted.

One night, when all the family had retired to bed, Sigismund was roused by the spectre. Almost beside himself with terror, he rushed out in his shirt, ready to break his neck down stairs, and called up the master of the house. With difficulty Robert drew from him an explanation respecting the cause of such vehement alarm. Having at length somewhat recovered from the fright occasioned by

the apparition, he gave the landlord the following account:—

"I was fast asleep, when a white, death-like figure opened my door, which I had locked before I went to bed. The noise awoke me. The spectre had a bunch of keys in one hand, and in the other a lamp which gave but a feeble light. It walked past my bed, paced the room several times, then set the lamp down on the table and slipped into bed to me. I endeavoured to cry out, but could not. Fear and horror paralysed my senses. God knows how I got out of bed without falling a prey to the hideous apparition!"

The trembling Robert awoke his people, and he ventured, in their company and well armed, to approach the haunted chamber. He found the door fast: Sigismund, as far as he could recollect, had pulled it after him, that the ghost might have less chance of overtaking him in his flight. As the key had been left on the table that stood by the bed-side, it was found necessary to fetch the master-key before they could gain admission. This was accordingly done; and all eyes looked round for the spectre, but in vain—it was gone. Sigismund, however, durst not resume possession of his deserted bed for the remainder of the night.

Robert could not tell what to think of the story of his kinsman. He was too well acquainted with his character to suspect deception; he supposed that he was not a great coward: he had, therefore, no just cause to doubt the accuracy of his statement. At the same time he was vexed when he reflected that the spectre might think fit to return: his house would, in consequence, get a bad name, and his business might be ruined. To investigate the matter more closely, he repaired the following night, accompanied by his trusty servant Peter, well armed, to the

haunted chamber. He assigned to Peter the post of danger and honour by the door, while he himself took possession of an easy chair, at the remotest corner of the room. The great house-lantern, containing a lighted candle, was placed on the table.

Long did they thus wait in vain for the visit of the spectre. Both of them found it difficult to keep their eyes open, and nothing but the supposed danger of their enterprise furnished them with unusual powers of vigilance. Sleep nevertheless began to exercise its despotic sway over the landlord. Peter meanwhile heard, as he thought, something coming up stairs, and imagined that he could distinguish soft steps. The effect on his sleepy senses was powerful and instantaneous. He gave his master notice of the impending attack. Sleep, however, had completely overpowered the landlord; and under these circumstances Peter deemed himself justified in leaving his post, and rousing his master by no very gentle shake to the conflict. Both trembling drew their cutlasses and took post behind the arm-chair. The spectre was already at the door, and the bunch of keys which it carried rattled like chains. The door opened, and the figure of a living corpse presented itself. It was covered from head to foot by a white shroud, walked twice round the room, and then glided with a deep sigh into the bed.

Glad to see the coast thus far clear, Robert seized the lantern and made a precipitate retreat down stairs, not only leaving his arms in the possession of the enemy, but, in his haste, dashing the lantern with such force against the balusters that it was shattered to pieces.

Peter, who, at the first appearance of the spectre, had squeezed his eyes together, and in his fright commended his soul to all the saints, had meanwhile sunk on the floor behind the arm-chair. He saw nothing, heard but little.

of what was passing about him, and awaited his fate with patient resignation. The crash of the lantern, which should have recalled his senses, only served to increase his stupefaction. Fatigued and exhausted with terror, he sunk into the arms of sleep, and was found in the morning snoring at full length on the floor behind the arm-chair.

Robert hurried back to bed, without undressing, and covered himself over head and ears in the clothes; so low had his courage fallen. The cheering light of day, which dispels fear, and restores courage to the faint-hearted, once more raised Robert's spirits. Accompanied by his people, he went in quest of his lost attendant, to the place where he had left him. He rejoiced sincerely that the spectre had not bodily carried off the poor fellow.

The adventure of the night was soon known to all the towns-folk. The more sensible of them laughed heartily at the landlord's absurd conduct, and called him a stupid, superstitious, chicken-hearted coward. This language soon reached his ears, and vexed him to such a degree, that he repaired to the burgomaster of the town, made affidavit of the particulars of the affair, and requested the magistrate to take measures for ascertaining the reality of the apparition, and the truth of his supernatural adventure; that he might retrieve his lost honour in the estimation of the incredulous public.

The magistrate complied with his request, and the town-sergeant was sent with four courageous fellows to pass the next night in the haunted chamber. Whether the spirit deemed its opponents in this instance too formidable, or whether it had actually decamped, so much is certain, that it did not think fit to show itself to the party which was anxious for its appearance. The men repaired

to their post the two succeeding nights, but the obstinate ghost was not to be seen.

Robert had thus put himself to a useless expense; and, if he had previously been the talk of the whole town, he now became the butt of general ridicule.

It was not long before Sigismund, in company with a friend, again passed through the place. He was informed that the spectre had terrified the landlord and Peter almost out of their lives; and he resolved not to sleep any more at his kinsman's. The courteous solicitations of the fair Rosina, however, had great influence over him: he ventured once more to lodge under the same roof with her, but only on the express condition that he should not lie in the haunted chamber.

His friend, however, desirous of an interview with a ghost, insisted on having a bed prepared for him in the very room which the spirit had been accustomed to visit. The landlord was not a little gratified to think that he had at last met a person willing to avenge, as he termed it, the honour of his house.

Sigismund's friend took his measures with coolness and deliberation. He placed on the table by his bed a brace of loaded pistols, provided himself with a couple of candles, in addition to the night-lamp, went to bed unconcerned, slept soundly, and awoke next morning without hearing or seeing any thing of a spirit. He endeavoured to impress upon the mind of his companion the silliness of his fears, and begged him as a friend to bear him company the following night.

Sigismund, sensible that his friend's exhortations were well-meant, plucked up a spirit and repaired with him at bed-time to his former chamber. Towards mid-night faint steps were heard ascending the stairs, and slowly approaching nearer and nearer to the room. The same

pale spectre, dressed in white, which had terrified him once before, again made its appearance. Sigismund, overwhelmed with horror, never thought of the pistols, which lay near the bed, but again sought safety in flight, leaving his friend to cope by himself with the ghost.

His fellow-traveller closely watched the apparition. It approached him; and he could not help shuddering, when he saw it preparing to get into bed to him; he sprung out, and had a good mind not only to quit that, but, like Sigismund, to abandon the field altogether. On second thoughts, however, he mustered courage, seized a pistol in one hand, and a candle in the other, drew back a little, and thus awaited what was to happen.

The ghost seemed to take no notice of its armed antagonist, but so much the more closely did he watch the apparition. It seemed to be of the female sex, to judge from the bosom, which was not very carefully covered. He approached nearer to the bed, on which the unwelcome visitor lay most quietly, and scrutinized its features. Heavens! how agreeably was he surprised, to recognise in the slumbering figure the lovely Rosina! For fear of disturbing the fair night-walker, he durst not, though strongly tempted, steal a single kiss, but softly quitted the room to call her parents and his friend.

None of them, however, was in any hurry to obey the summons. The jocose and confident manner in which their guest spoke of his discovery, and a word which he whispered in the ear of the landlady, induced the latter to follow him alone to the haunted chamber, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the nocturnal apparition. Robert and Sigismund sneaked after the advanced guard, and, before they ventured to go into the chamber, cautiously peeped in at the door, while the mother's eyes had been for some time fondly fixed on her darling. She

knew from former experience that Rosina had a pre-disposition to walking in her sleep, and she was too thoroughly convinced of her virtue and innocence to attribute her being in such a situation to any other cause than that singular disorder.

It was long before Robert would trust either the assurances of his better half or his own senses; till at last Rosina herself furnished evidence too strong to be resisted. She quitted the bed with her eyes shut, took up the night-lamp which had gone out, and walked through the astonished company, who made way for her, out of the room. They followed her in silence, because they had either not had sufficient presence of mind to wake her at first, or because they wished to spare her the embarrassment of so awkward a situation.

She found the way down stairs, to her chamber. All retired again to rest, and Sigismund, in particular, resumed the place which his Rosina had occupied with very different feelings from those with which he had left it. The inference which he drew in regard to her sentiments towards him from her behaviour in the liveliest of all dreams, could not but be exceedingly flattering to him. Nothing therefore could prevent him next morning from making Rosina a formal offer of his hand, and explaining to her parents his further views. They had little to object, and the heart of Rosina still less.

Thus the horror and apprehension of a supernatural visitation terminated in a joyous wedding, which was consummated in the same chamber where the innocent Rosina had twice filled her lover with inexpressible alarm.

THE END.

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